

Canada's
eloquent poets

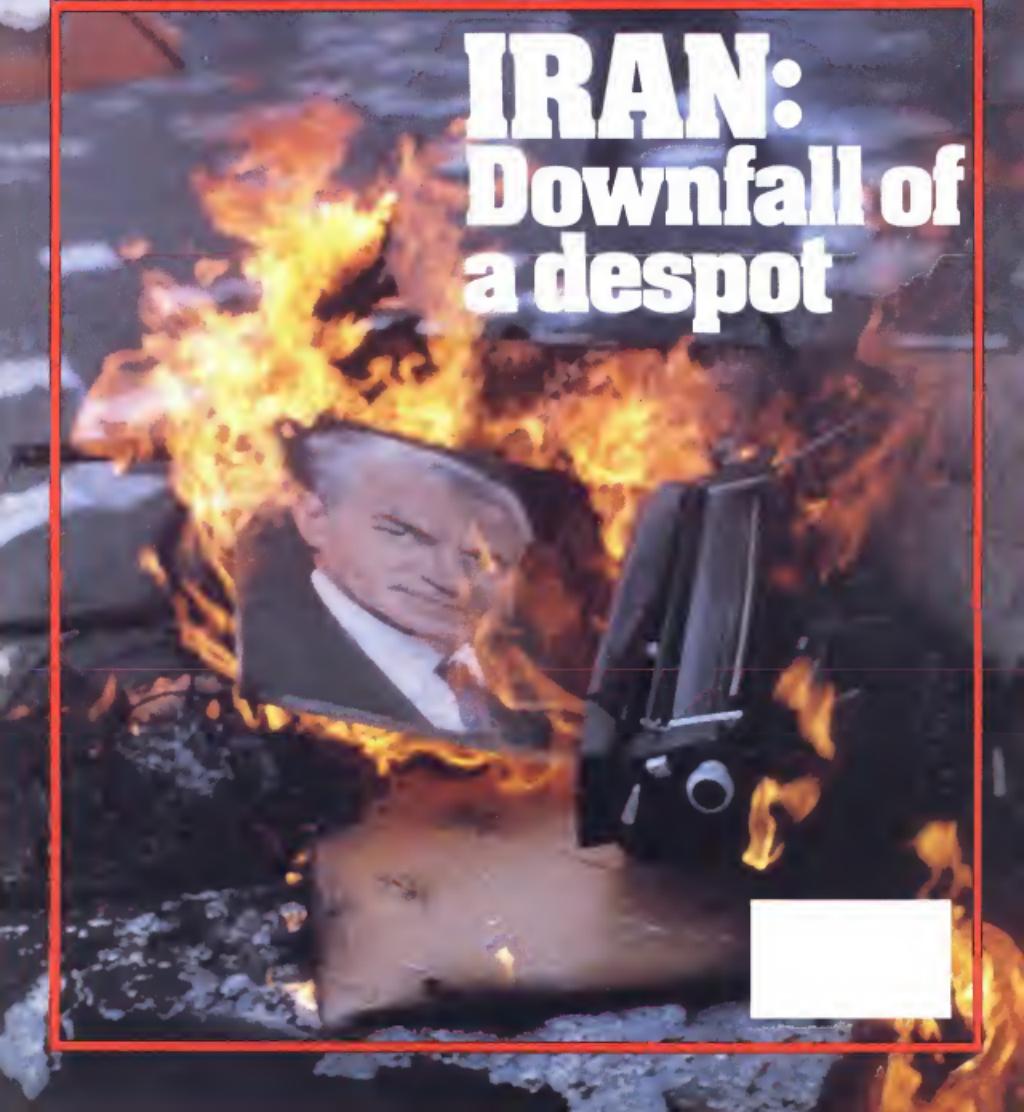
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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IRAN: Downfall of a despot



The painful plight of Persian politics: when the ruler goes, what are the rules?



By Peter C. Newman

BACK during the peaceful '60s, I found myself in Tehran at the official residence of the Canadian ambassador to Iran and, by one of those coincidences that binds foreign correspondents' lives, supposed to arrive on an evening he was entertaining Ali Amini, then the Persian Kingdom's prime minister. The Shah did not deign to give press interviews, but the prime minister agreed to carry one question for me to "His Imperial Majesty." Since even in those distant days the Shah drove through his own capital only at 10 miles an hour after Tehran potholes had cleared his route, my query was why he didn't turn himself into a constitutional monarch, so that he would reign but not rule.

It was not an inquiry that I really expected to be answered, but a few days later a reply did arrive that I was told could indirectly be attributed to Mohammad Reza Pahlavi: "When the Iranians learn to behave like Swedes," said the Shah, "then I will behave like the King of Sweden."

But that's ancient history now. The Shah's power is all used up and his country is gripped by anarchy. Ironically, it was the Shah's fumbling attempts at long-overdue social reform that prompted both the autocratic oppression of his regime and the breakdown of authority that has followed. When I was there, Iran remained a feudal state. I can never forget the horrifying contrast between the Canadian diplomat's party I attended, with its size-eyed Persian beauties, garbed

in Dior and Balenciaga, sipping Cointreau and swapping anecdotes about the Paris opera season. Then stepping out into the mace-washed Mediterranean night and on the taxi ride to my hotel, not a mile away, passing through a bazaar with beggars in filthy houses and hawkers who earned their wares on their backs, surrounded by tribes of children with open sores.

What has never been properly understood about the Third World is that its politics hardly ever fits the black-or-white asymmetry of the Cold War. The revolution described in this issue's cover story is part of the long ongoing process of modernization that is sweeping all underdeveloped countries. As the infra-structure of a centralized modern state is forced on to a primitive society, religious and other local potencies see their influence threatened and lead radical uprisings to talk the process. Ayatollah Khomeini, Iran's exiled Moslem leader, for instance, is calling for the Shah's violent avowals at least partly because he opposes recent efforts to liberate women from their traditional subjugation and because he resents the Shah's belated reforms of redistributing the land owned by wealthy religious sects.

The agony that has set Iran ablaze will only be resolved when the gap between popular expectation and attainable reality becomes manageable. Meanwhile, it's no simple contest between good guys and bad guys, but the slow and painful narrowing of the psychic gulf between the debauchees and the beggars I met that long-ago night in Tehran.

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Frontlines

In Alberta, nobody's bigger than Buckshot

IT'S a cold winter day a couple of years ago, a small High River band playing on the ice of the Sheep River suddenly slipped through a hole into the frigid, rushing water. Immediately, his equally small friend rushed downriver, grabbing a tree branch on the way. At a bend, he was able to stretch the branch out to his partner and had him safely to shore. When an older fellow asked the boy what prompted his action, he just shrugged and said "I saw about it on Buckshot."

Just a few weeks ago, a Calgary child playing in the frozen Bow River did under the ice and was drowning. A boy from Barga—otherwise known as Buckshot—immediately leaped into the water and saved the child. "Barga" is the name the most die-hard fans of the Alberta band give them. Their television fare is southern Alberta. You feel good about things like Barga in High River. But the instant one sees a "you wonder if you had just witnessed the dangers of the river just once more" jazz, one more, maybe that little fellow would be alive.

For a dozen years, Buckshot and his sidekick, a puppet named Benny the Bear, have played safety to children in Calgary, Lethbridge, Cochrane, Parkland, Hanna, Morinville, and all points between. Thousands of school kids from school at noon, were perfectly at their mamas' and daddies' sandals between gaffaws at the fatigued man in the crumpled cowboy hat and the whooshing bear.

"Sometimes the power you have with these kids makes you lie awake nights," says Barga, who considers himself a big lad playing pretend. He cites the "awful" time Benny appeared wearing a mask and referred to Buckshot as he had been down at the river swimming "The switchback went crazy," remembers Barga. "Parents were like that we should suggest it was safe to swim. Benny did it. It was an innocent slip, something we thought at the time was funny. But the impact Buckshot and Benny have is frightening."

It has been that way since March 1987, when CTV-TV found itself in need of Canadian content. Barga, a studio manager at the station, draconian czar Jim Lewis to provide Benny's

voice, and Buckshot was born. A contest began on the first day of the show drawing 14,000 entries in two weeks. A Benny the Bear fan club exploded to 30,000 members before it had to be discontinued from sheer use. Only now is the 12 years—the first re-run of *The Beverly Hillbillies* were played on another station—is there the show being revitalized in the ratings.

"We talk with the kids, pretend with them," says Barga, who started his performing career as a New Year's dancer in Nelson, B.C., when he was nine. "They're too frightened to talk down to you. You can't feel them. We don't even try to tell them Benny is real. They know he's a puppet, but they're part of the group. When he laughs, it's a genuine laugh. When he cries, he's real. When he sings, he's real. When he dances, he's real."

Most of his shows are live—"part of our culture," he says, because Buckshot can talk about last night's snowstorm or today's news. "We don't teach," says Barga. "Our shows are based around the people who are in it."

It is a hard life in Calgary for Buckshot, which already ranks among the largest in the country. And children's shows in the country, as a rule, don't pay as the kids watch. And he has got a plan going for him. "Gosh, when parents bring their kids to the show, they'll blash and show me these Benny cards. If Buckshot is good enough for Mac, you can bet it's good enough for her family."

Daryl L. Lepage



America ponders the inconceivable



Mounting the Marfan baby Lucas Brown

Is it such a sin to put another nickel in?

In Manitoba, where private enterprise is back in style under Tory Premier Sterling Lyon, one young entrepreneur has taken things too far, with a venture that was definitely unprofitable, but so private the police decided it was downright sneaky.

Glenn Helander, an 18-year-old having trouble finding a job in Winnipeg, aped a brand-new trend in the marketplace, wanting to be filled instead of parking meters. Selling parts of his stereo for \$300 to raise capital, Helander set up Meter Check. He armed himself with a map of Winnipeg's short-term downtown parking meters, and a lot of change, then went around town dropping 25 cents into expired meters, and staying a step ahead of the ticketing commissioners. He also



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Peter Carlyle-Gardner

slipped a printed business reply envelope under windshield wipers, with a request that the treat, motorists could, for being released from a \$3 fine, could send a voluntary donation to Meter Check. According to Helander's calculations, if 300 per cent of the

drivers responded with \$1 each, Meter Check could break even, the rest would be, as they say in the realm of private enterprise, gravy.

Alas, the revenues at city hall interested. Although the police never did catch up with Helander, they made it clear through the press that he was acting illegally in the pursuit of funds. "If we catch him, we'll definitely stop him," warned police chief Norris Stewart. Besides, he said, having the dust of a dog-eared below, it's an offence to place a commercial hot-air balloon on a private car. Helander took the hint and shut down Meter Check, after raising to the aid of \$30 motorists. Eventually—as predicted—he broke even.

Helander is now considering going back to school to finish Grade 12, although probably he's already brought his two job offers from businesses who like his attitude. "Now I'm seriously looking into opening a record store with my sister's boyfriend," he says. What is his sister's boyfriend's name?

Peter Carlyle-Gardner

Lawrence Brown, the world's first "test-tube baby," may soon have an American cousin in Norfolk, Virginia. Two doctors are preparing to open a clinic, and may implant the first test-tube-borne embryo in another 12 weeks within a year. More than 300 women have already applied to become parents, although the U.S. government is still debating whether in vitro (glass) fertilization is medically and ethically sound.

Federal funding for the procedure was cut off in 1975, and since then medical associations have been asking for Secretary of Health Education and Welfare Joseph Califano to renew federal funding. Dr. doctors Howard Jones and his wife, Georgia Surgeon General of the Eastern Virginia Medical Authority, are planning to solicit private donations for their project and one of the Virginia gynecologists who delivered Louise Brown last July, Dr. Phillip Stubble, has already visited the Norfolk centre and agreed to advise the Joneses in their work.

Public money claimed to be spent on test-tube babies is estimated at \$100 million, which depends on a report expected from the department of ethics and medical biology. This group of 13 attorneys, physicians, university professors, and laymen is not expected to submit its report until February at the earliest. Although the Board has completed its review, hearings in 10 U.S. cities, inventories are still divided especially on the moral implications.

Dr. Eugene Zweibel, a member of the board and an Omaha, Nebraska, surgeon, says he was in favor of studying the techniques before the hearings began, and still is. But Dr. Richard McCormick, a medical ethicist at Georgetown University, has reservations. Although he now says he has less and less moral objection to the procedure itself, he does not favor government funding for either clinical implementation or basic research. While married couples are free to go to privately funded clinics, he says, he doesn't want the government spending money to create life only to destroy it in the laboratory.

Catherine Fox

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Georgia



To see a world in the grain of wood

Luciano Lasciano's workshop is about the size of a modern, two-car garage. All showplace ends there. The frame, wooden building and all that it contains, from the foot-powered lathe to the rows of mortising planes and carving chisels lining the rough, pine walls, is a throwback to the 18th century, and so is the man who works there. Rooted cabinetmaker at Upper Canada Village near Ottawa, Lasciano is an artisan in the purest sense of the word. He makes everything, including most of the tools he uses, by hand.

Slight of build, shy, with fingers more like those of a cellist than a craftsman, Lasciano explains the workings of his shop with a talk that sounds well rehearsed—ca. It has been, though, each of people like by his workshop each summer asking about this or that, and with a continental graciousness, he lays his work aside and answers their questions.

It's only when he gets down to the intricacies of his profession that he boosts up, pointing out the flow of the grain in the beehive table he's restoring, or striking up the inside of his foot-powered jigsaw to show just how "really fine" the old machine cuts.

At the age of 38 he's already a master cabinetmaker by most standards, but not by his own. "I don't consider myself great," he says. "I'm an average guy. I can make all the fancy pieces you want, but you'll never see my name on them. Would he like to be great someday?" "Yes, with time, with age. We work a lifetime to create something for the future. That's what I'm trying to do."

To become a good cabinetmaker, Lasciano says, "You have to appreciate. That's the only way. If I were to teach someone, I'd want them young. Ten, maybe 12 years old, which is already late."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT M. STONE

Lasciano at work (left) and (left) one of 20 chairs made for the Art Gallery of Ontario's restored regency house keeping on trilites

At the age of five, Lasciano's first job in his father's workshop was to stir the glaze, made from rabbit skin and water, to keep a frame baking over. A simple enough task, of course, poor friends are knocking up a musical instrument in the workshop above. Lasciano abandoned his tools, the job he hated most, and the shop that seemed bound to days. "My father beat me," he laughs. "I'll never forget that. And I'll never forget, when I'm making glaze, to stir it."

The Lasciano family practised cabinetmaking in Pescara, Italy, for five generations, his father was a cabinetmaker, and his father's father before him. But no more. Unable to compete with modern furniture factories, the family business was forced to close when Lasciano was 16.

Along with his father and grandfather, Lasciano went to Switzerland and France in search of work. Given

their talents, and the vintage furniture filling the churches and mansions of Europe, restoration work was easy to find. But after a year they grew homesick and returned to Pescara to re-open their shop. They persevered by setting up a production line manned by uncles, cousins and brothers, eight in all, overseen by grandfather Giovanni. The business was good, but on the eve of the trattoria where a cabinetmaker could slowly nose a block of wood through its evolution to becoming a fan chair, an inlaid table or an ornately carved coffee table.

"I saw a lot of hidden talents there," Lasciano remembers. "But nobody used them because they had to do what grandfather said. I felt things had to change. That's why I wanted to go my own way."

When Lasciano made his break, he went to Germany where, ironically, he was forced to work in a furniture factory to survive. Disillusioned, he returned to Pescara where he set up his own shop and married. But now his handmade furniture couldn't compete

in price with factory-produced copies of Chippendales, Empire and Hepplewhite. He cast his eye to North America, and decided on Canada, because a friend had told him that Canadians were more open-minded.

"My first impression was a little disappointing," he recalls. "Most of the houses were modern. In Italy, buildings were made of brick, concrete, tile. I decided that if I were going to stay, I must begin to think like a Canadian: think 'like Lasciano,' our pioneer cabinetmakers had to think to adapt. It was this adoption and sharing of traditions that saved the style of cabinetmaking later to be coined 'Canadian.'

The government found him his first job—in a wood factory. "I was supposed to make moldings with modern machines," he says, a little derisively. He also had to walk six miles to and from work every day. One day he brought in some designs to show him. "Look," he said, "I can make more than just moldings. That's a job for a kid." The boss shrugged. Lasciano quit. Working at a lumber mill, a carpenter,

and a foreman in a trailer factory, Lasciano kept making his furniture in his spare time, selling it locally. He had begun to develop a reputation, despite himself. Upper Canada Village offered him a job with a 12-day trial period in which to prove himself.

The shop's collection of antique tools, while extensive, was incomplete. Lasciano set to work making the tools he would need to do the job right. Three days later, they offered him a job "for life."

As much as anything as the traditional furniture that fills his shop, Lasciano is cast from the mastermind that has sent most cabinetmakers who work by hand the way of the whispering crane. His pieces grace the mansions, historic sites and government buildings of Canada. The Queen, as Indian cabinet minister and a raft of other dignitaries have visited Lasciano in his shop. He's proud of that, but what pleases him more is the knowledge that his creations have found a secure place in history. One table he's working on will soon reside in the east wing of the Parliament Buildings. Another table (now stationed in Old Fort Henry) is one of his favorites. 1,200 tiny pieces of wood may, all hand-carved, adorn its surface.

"You can buy plastic tulips, but there is the pleasure in using plastic when you can create something from wood? I don't know if I can explain it, but it's a completely different feeling."

William Hiltzson, in his preface to Howard Pitt's new book, *The Heritage of Upper Canada Furniture*, cautions those in getting into the woods the Lasciano puts into his furniture:

Our furniture with artifacts around us is warfare for the hand and eye and body. It touches the dream at the heart's core and makes reality of the furniture of the soul.

Perhaps it is this intimacy with our surroundings that modern life threatens to destroy. For now, Lasciano's intimacy with his craft is assured. And with his three-year-old son already tugging around the workshop with the skill he learned that Lasciano credits for him, the tradition might reach into yet another generation.

But even with the unquenched interest in handmade furniture and cabinetmaking, without the opportunity to apprentice at a young age, the state of the art is in peril. As Lasciano says, "Apprenticeship must begin at the age of four or five. That's when you begin to learn and put things in the bank...the memory bank." John Phinnett



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AIR CANADA

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When the oil machine rolls into town

A classic 1960s confrontation is being played out these days in Northern Alberta, pitting the birds and boozing people (the environmentalists) against a seemingly invincible multinational corporation (in this case, Esso Resources Canada Ltd., a wholly owned subsidiary of Imperial Oil Ltd., Can-



day offshoot of Exxon Corp.). On its resolute hangs the potential to dramatically reduce Canada's dependence on foreign oil—but at a social cost that many residents of the Cold Lake/Grand Centre/Bonnieville area, 150 miles northeast of Edmonton, consider unacceptable.

The decision on whether Esso Resources should go ahead with its plan to build a \$17-billion oil sands plant at Cold Lake was made with Alberta's Energy Resources Conservation Board, which opened hearings in Grand Centre last month and is scheduled to sit until mid-January. Its recommendations will go to the Alberta cabinet for final consideration. Even before the hearings commenced, the issue was muddied by the appearance in the district of "Fort McMurray stones," horrific, sensational tales of a terrible fate met to have befallen that community, some 150 miles further north, with the arrival there over the past few years of the huge Syncrude oil extraction program. Crime rates increased 68 per cent during the construction of that plant, and stories of sexual disease, drug and alcohol abuse, sex murders and child molesting have lost nothing in the telling around Cold Lake.

Nevertheless, like every good "ca-



Syncrude's Port McMurray plant (top). The Syncrude meeting site and energy minister Gary Doer's home in future neighbor Grand Centre.

tal," there's a powerful argument as the "growth" side and most Cold Lake residents in Grande Prairie say it per cent want the plant to go, more oppose it or no. It would create 6,500 permanent jobs in Alberta, burn off the surplus levels of government \$21 billion in direct revenue (\$9 to \$10 billion of the already severely pressed) Consequently, Esso Resources is gambling that when the historical dust settles, it will get a go-ahead. Since 1984, Esso has spent about \$70 million on pilot projects in the area, and has concluded that the plant could help Canada's need for foreign oil. The plant would produce 350,000 barrels of raw bitumen (heavy oil) daily by injecting steam some 3,000 feet below the surface—then upgrade the oil into light, synthetic crude.

With the involvement of local residents, businesses and government officials, the hearings have been designed to assess not only the potential environmental impact of the project, but the social and economic effects as well. From day one, the belligerent oratory of the environmentalists has been echoing off the panelled walls of the meeting



room as Grand Centre's Tropicana Diner and Dance Hall. Concerns range from potential damage to the area's beaver population, to what level of sulphur emissions would be deemed acceptable, to how much of the area's fresh water supply the facility should be allowed to use (the estimated daily requirement for steam generation is equivalent to that of a city of 15,000).

And while local citizens have been airing their concerns over the potential social impact of the huge plant and its imported workers, the province and the three towns concerned (Cold Lake, Grand Centre and Bonnyville) have been pushing such other out in the corner. Towns over who will be stuck with the multimillion-dollar tab for new schools, hospitals, roads, utilities and expanded police protection. If the population leaps from 12,000 to an anticipated 54,000 by 1995 is not easily soothed by the province's verbal assurances of financial support. Municipal officials, with visions of having to ac-

commodate frightening increases in property and business taxes, are mindful of past provincial "assurances." (For example, a 1985 request to upgrade Cold Lake's hospital facilities with provincial assistance has yet to be settled.) They have demanded a commitment in writing—an attitude decided by the provincial energy minister, an Edmonton Yukon quarterback Dan Getty, as "an Alberta" (as in "lacking team spirit"). Says Cold Lake Mayor Doug Wild: "Talk is cheap."

As the arguments rage, Esso Resources has remained strangely impervious to opposition. Although company officials were always present at the hearings and were constantly under question, the real heat has been on the province. In what Esso officials feel is an international oil, extensive advance studies on the environmental, social and economic impact were begun almost the moment the company announced its intention to build the plant in November, 1971.

The economic impact of Esso's decision to proceed with the plant is already evident. Esso prices in Cold Lake have escalated almost overnight from an average of \$34,000 to \$70,000 and some commercial sites have passed 700 per cent in price. Cold Lake is the smallest but the most affected of the three communities and the value of its building permits has leaped from less than \$750,000 in 1979 to more than \$4 million in 1979. But when it comes to the social cost of the project, the Cold Lake residents have a decided advantage over Fort McMurray. "All these towns are well established with their own identities, industries and identities," says Dan Getty, chairman of the region's Community Advisory Committee. "We're not instant towns like Fort McMurray was."

With some renovation and health facilities already in place and more planned, along with the home and institutional construction, Cold Lake should escape most of the brunt of boom development. "The key is preparation," says Mayor Wild. "Adquate preparation requires guarantees from the province in the form of low-interest loans or even grants from the Heritage Fund." Alberta's multimillion-dollar treasury chest accumulated from a boozing oil economy. The reasoning of town fathers is convincing: if the Cold Lake region is being asked to bear the social costs of a project which will benefit not only Alberta but all Canada, then it's not too much to ask for a little help from their friends.

Wapae Skeen

The drug watch gets a big lift

During the U.S. Prohibition, from 1920 to 1933, enterprising smugglers used everything from dummy gas tanks to hotdogs slung under their vehicles to smuggle booze across the border from Canada. Customs officials responded by installing modified versions of these pits at border crossings to facilitate under-cover searches.

Now, for the first time since Prohibition, U.S. Customs is again resorting to novel methods of searching cars at the border. Today's traffickers are reviving some of the old techniques, but for a different payload—the gauntlet of illegal drugs.

In its never-ending pursuit of the smuggler, the customs service created out of its old pits at a border station in Vermont, but found that, since it was designed for the Model A, today's cars were either too big or too small for it. Now the border police have invented a more up-to-date means of dealing with contemporary smuggling: enclosed "secondary inspection areas" fitted



with hydraulic lifts to allow officers to peer into every little crevice of a car's underside.

"This is nothing new, it's just a little more sophisticated," says Robert LeMoine, the customs service's director of logistics in Boston. Inspection areas with lifts have already been installed at the Peace Bridge over the Niagara River and at Jackson, Maine, and others are planned for Lewiston and Massena, New York, Derby Line and Highgate Springs, Vermont,

and Port Kent and Houlton, Maine. Does this mean travellers can look forward to more hassles along the longest (almost) undefended border in the world? Not necessarily, says LeMoine. "When it comes to drugs, he explains, "many times we know the cars we're looking for." Besides, even if an innocent traveller is held up for a check, "it's more polite to be inspected in one of these places than out in the cold." In the world of crime detection, manners still count. **David Pakter**

One good turn deserves another

The sound of a single flute floats through the deserted hall. Slowly, the dancers begin to turn, arms uplifted, faces serenely under bell-come-shaped hoods. Their white cloaks billow in graceful circles.

The sound dance of the Melevin whirling dervishes has begun. The dancers turn and turn until it seems they might take flight. Only minutes later, it is over. There is no applause from the interested audience of more than 200, and the dancers need leave no trace. This scene could have been staged in a mosque 300 years ago in Konya, Turkey, where the Melevin dervish order were founded but the performance took place in Vancouver, and the dervishes were young "Werdermen"—

clowns, salesmen, carpenters, housewives, and their shah, or leader, 46 engaging French lecturer on religion named Mevlâna Fâid.

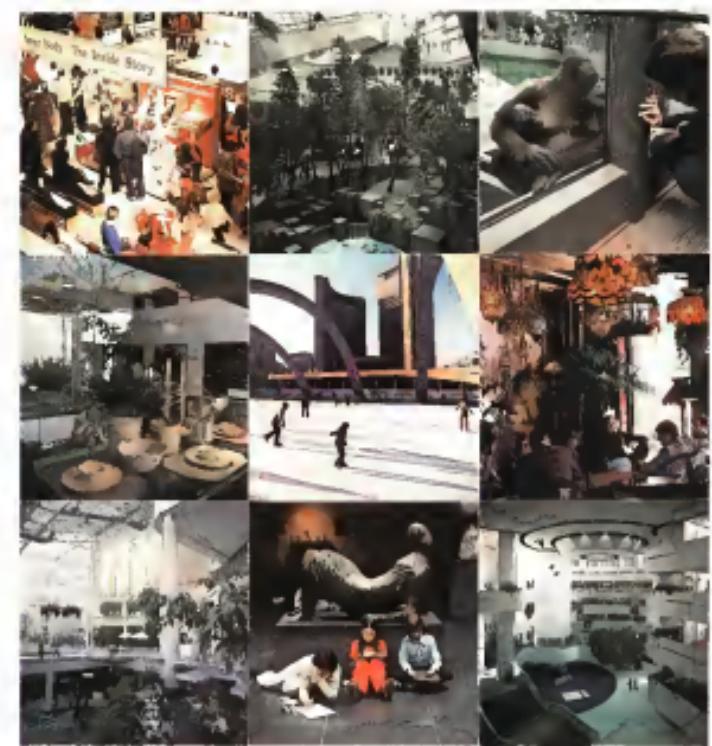
Fâid, 48, recently became the first Melevin to be ennobled as a sheik of the 13 major dervish orders in the world. He means to revolutionize Islam, and is open to men and women. "We study all major religions since they are all concerned with the truth," Fâid says. "What we are in beyond all forms. We only aspire to be dervishes."

Although dervish practices include howling, whirling, or turning the Melevin emphasize turning, which they say leads to an "inner" experience within the body that no one else really speaks about." Fâid calls it "esoteric acquisition."

He has gathered about 35 tâmers in the North Vancouver cabaret where he lives and "we meet, that everyone has jobs. We're not assets." Basic spiritual test is the 10,000 coups of the order's Turkish founder Mevlâna Jelâluddin Rumi, who died in 1273. But the tâmer need not apply if taken 4,000 days of training to master the turn, and then what happens, says Fâid: "that the body turns around, but the mind is still." If you're dizzy, in other words you're not done yet.

Red McCombs

R.D. describes: losing the spin I'm in



Toronto—the inside story

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Ontario **Canada**

The silent minority

John Leier, profiled in "The Silent Game" (Oct. 18), will not be forgotten. He was a man of great courage, who fought bravely to overcome a tremendous tragedy. He fought his battle in full public view, when obviously the



Leier fighting in full public view

truth and will be remembered scientifically that more minktraps will be produced from a mink that is trapped, than will be produced from a mink that is not trapped. This statement proves that trapping actually causes many animal species to breed larger litters in order to adapt to human predation. If not "harvested," but left alone, those animal populations would soon naturally reexpand.

MARLENE LARIN, FIELD AGENT,
THE FUND FOR ANIMALS, INC.,
NEW YORK

The exman cometh

I was surprised to see your column being used by Toronto lawyer David Greenbaum to give his own spin to "Grey Owl's Precious Forest" (Oct. 13), a review of my book *The Grey Owl*. Though he failed to point to this, Greenbaum was the author of a recent federal provincial task force report on suburban land prices and profits. His main argument in the report was that the large developers were responsible for the increase beyond their control in 1972-73 when suburban serviced lot prices exploded in most cities. The developers' profit margins went to \$15,000 to \$20,000 per lot and has stayed there since. My research led me to conclude that the large developers played a key role in these price and profit increases by denuding soil to respond to intensified housing demand by increasing their production of serviced lots. This strategy conserved their large land banks and caused them huge profits, far higher than they would have earned by the alternative strategy of holding prices and profits constant and increasing

an average course would have been to resign. In choosing to do so, he has become a source of inspiration to many thousands of Canadians. If his tenure is regarded as a "quiet one" then surely the media must assume the responsibility.

VALERIE ANTONIDES, WOOLSTOKE

The kick of the litter

In the article *Green—a Canadian Sergeant in "Vegas"* (Oct. 22), you stated that: "There seems to be more beaver than ever despite increased trapping." I have received a letter from the director of the wildlife branch of the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources which states "It is

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Canadian News

The once and future King

By Julianne Labreche

WHILE a couple danced to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" and church bells chimed in the New Year of 1948, William Lyon Mackenzie King, 73, chose to retire as prime minister, his head deep in his bed at Laurier House. That very night in Ottawa "Willie" had a dream. Two little appeared before him, each a history of his life - yet curiously different. The first immediately gained his approval and he was pleased. The second seemed to man him.

Last week King's dream took on hints of reality when the Public Archives made public the private 1948 diaries of the nation's 14th prime minister. Again, the King diaries reveal that the Liberal leader, unknown then to anyone but the confidential radio secretary* to

*Born in 1911 and educated at Ottawa, J. Edward Murphy left Mackenzie's last week that always suffice with the great secret one: "Don't write today, or the last - date doesn't say anything whatsoever in it at all."



when they were dictated, really led two lives. Publicly, King was a strident Presbyterian and a shrewd politician who led the country cautiously and conservatively for 18 years. Privately, the lonely bachelor erased the company of prostitutes and then, out of guilt, tried to reform them. In later years, King entertained the series of visits of ghosts, spirits and skeletons, adding minor moments of his dead mother or the hands of the clock.

The nearly typed diary for 1948, in one thick, black binder - 3,000 pages in all - is full of the eccentric prime minister's spontaneous musings. In London, England, that October to attend his first Commonwealth Conference, left bedridden again by heart trouble, King was visited in his hotel room by general Re-

The Queen with King (above, right) and autographed photo of Harry Pickford. His diary knew he preferred Whisky Macmillan



made medium from the London Spiritualist Alliance. One medium fell into a trance for just over an hour and King recorded. "I made notes as we went along. In the early part she was remarkably well, immediately putting my mother and father, and my sister [dead] later. In his room, one Geraldine Connors performed 'astounding writing,' producing a letter from his deceased mother who described herself as the Lady of Light. wrote King. "That is part of her mission beyond helping to release souls from their bodies at the time of death." Just after a visit by Winston Churchill, King received his close friend Violet Markham and together they mused on the thesis that dogs are bonds of separability, followed by King's reading of a wane on cancer angles.

The bizarre and complex personality that struggled within one man is seen clearly in King's dreams, all fully recorded for posterity. In early May, he dreamt of climbing a lighthouse greener with grass, only to discover at the top a private woman with whom no preparations have been made for him arrival. "The vision seemed to me to symbolize reaching the summit of my public career severely," King said his diary, "but that I should not expect to enjoy it in the society of women." He seemed especially interested and timid among world leaders in his dreams. In an April vision, King met Princess Diana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and found himself apologizing for having as old-fashions nightmares. Later in that dream, he found himself without trousers. He saw Hitler's new uniforms as a guide. In a dream where he directed world leaders to an unexpected Paris meeting, he imagined his nose was bleeding and that he had to keep the spot of blood on his handkerchief discreetly hidden. Later in January, King had a dream of being chased by the "Terror" down the narrow streets of a waterhouse district and "having no fear but knowing if the Terror caught up with me, I would be assassinated."

Whether such embarrassingly honest confessions by a Canadian prime minister should be released for the public was a source of much disagreement among King's four literary executors after his death in 1968. The vision of hell will concern the diaries was vague, and they might have even been destroyed had it not been for the discovery in 1965 that an employee at the archives had transcribed and sold copies of some extracts to the old Toronto Telegram. On legal advice, the Tely did not publish them but kept activists, fearing the excerpts might some day surface in a distorted form, preserved the originals. Today, according to an arrangement worked out with

King's executors, there is a 30-year embargo on release of the diaries (see box). Unreported, however, is the fact that a number of King's notebooks dealing with spirituality and dreams were burned in 1967 by two of the executors, Gordon Robertson, the cabinet's keeper of official secrets, and Jack Pickering, King's chief adviser and confidant. Pickering refused to talk about the destroyed material, simply stating "We had a lot of discussion and decided this was something King would not want released." Given the sensational nature of what the executors have been writing in

unleash, the suppressed notebooks, written for King's eyes only, could well have contained material far more kinky than anything in the steaming pages of *Psychopathia Sexualis*.

For all King's private, bawling obsessives, his last year in office was not without its measure of wrangling with sexual and political celebrities. He attended the film *She's My Love* with its producer, Canadian film star Mary Pickford, but later recanted secretly preferring the Technicolor interlude of *Mickey Mouse*. He expressed admiration for John Diefenbaker who, King



The men with the 30-year zipper

King's scheme King's almost posthumous triumph through the pages of his forthcoming papers raises questions about what other secrets are held in the Public Archives in Ottawa and where they will be released. The answers are, unfortunately, as complete as King's mind. According to his guidebook and down in 1969, government

documents are supposed to be open to the public 30 years after they were written. Thus such reported documents as the minutes of the secret wartime committee and the records of the Canadian military headquarters in London during the Second World War are now available. And the next few years should see the release of cabinet minutes from the Korean War period.

But there are important exceptions to the so-called "30-year rule" that mean not everything is open to the public after three decades. Few passed "secretly" documents are kept open if their release would



Mythic Sensation Connors transcribed up for King a letter from his dead mother (in portrait left) the Lady of the Light

be contrary to Canadian law. Visible in an agreement with another country, invade the privacy of individuals or endanger national security. Thus such emerging papers as the transcript of that in-camera hearings of the royal commission into the December affair are still closed to the public, although the hearings took place 30 years ago. The government has decided off the record may not be released until 1998 on the 60th.

In an entirely different category from government documents are the papers of living politicians such as King. In the United States following the Watergate scandal, presidential papers (or tapes) are considered the property of the state. But in Canada the fact of prime minister and other elected officials are considered the property of the individual to do with as he pleases. He can sell them, burn them or give them away," says one exec.

Whatever happens.

Most politicians, however, give their papers to the Public Archives as did King and his wife. His successor, Louis St. Laurent and Lester Pearson executors are former prime minister John Diefenbaker who is giving his ample collection to the University of Saskatchewan, former governor-general Vincent Massey, whose papers reside at

Upper Deck was a skipper client at the Bower Inn in Ottawa who died in 1943, leaving most of his fortune to charity. The executors of his estate have decided the existence of a secret diary around 1930.

McGill, is "very hardworking and informed. His name will be against him as the party leader." He now Lester Pearson with a bright political career predicted that he would become prime minister. King even admitted being an avid admirer of figure-skating champion Barbara Ann Scott, though he claimed the memory of her publicly kissing him as the sleek.

There are only two years of diaries by King left to be released. Page 1 of his first diary, buck in 1953 tells just why at age 18 he decided to keep what was to become the strange and rambling account of his life: "After having been sold by many that I could never keep a diary, I decided to make, at least, an attempt. Ironically, these diaries grew to open 57 years of his life from his undergraduate days at University College in Toronto until three days before his death. Though King might roll over in his grave at the thought, their release means his memory will not soon be forgotten. ♦

Memory College in Toronto and former Liberal minister Judy LaMarsh who claims she doesn't have any papers worth giving to researchers.

The former though she doesn't have the papers of most former prime ministers in her collection that does not mean these are open to the public. It is up to the politician or the institution of his choice to set the rules for public access. In King's case, says Pickering was the principal trustee, and he decided that no paper or extract from the diary should be made public until 30 years after it was written—the same time span chosen by the government for its documents. Pickering is also trustee for St. Laurent's papers and set the same 30-year limitation on public access to them. That means the first papers from St. Laurent's years as prime minister will be released next January. Geoffrey Pearson trustee for his father's papers. His been more liberal in his public access and some of the Pearson files have already been released.

It is doubtful, however, that any future prime ministerial papers will contain the sort of tell-all gossip found in King's diaries. None of King's successors up to and including Pierre Trudeau, kept diaries and so far as is known, have consulted the experts.

While diaries may be out of fashion to day, government documents are more numerous than ever with an estimated 65 boxes-and-filled produced annually. And many may be made invisible to the public in the near future. The government, after years of attorney, has written a new U.S.-style limitation-of-discovery act and plans to introduce it for parliamentary approval before the next election. If it is passed a 30-year rule would be declared and some documents made available through likely

Ian Ungaruk

Montreal

The verdict that left a mystery

Canada's longest and strangest kidnapping extortion case brought a conviction last week, but it was a verdict that left many questions unanswered that remained. Claude Valence was found guilty of attempting to extort \$1-million ransom from the employees of Charles Marion, team manager of a Sherbrooke Come Populaire. But the jury found Valence guilty of kidnapping Marion, which did nothing to dis-



Marion, a cloud of persistent suspicion

solve persistent but never proven public suspicions that Marion was an accomplice to his own abduction and 182-day detention in a rat-infested basement in the ground 40 miles from his home. Taken Aug. 6, 1997, he was freed after his family negotiated and paid a \$60,000 ransom, but it was not until eight months later that Valence was apprehended. Valence never denied trying to extort

the \$1 million, but his lawyers fought the kidnapping charge by arguing that Valence believed Marion to be a willing victim.

Though no witness other than the convicted Valence suggested Marion was an accomplice, it often seemed that it was Marion himself who was being tried. Well exploited by defence lawyers, the suspicious hanging over the 25-year-old Marion was a legacy of rumors inspired by police investigators frustrated by their inability to solve the crime. During the detection, off-duty inspectors in the subdivision a "mook" and alleged that Marion himself was heard over radio directing an alleged ransom demand. The rumors provided a convenient, if perhaps convenient, excuse for the remarkable failure of the Quebec police force to find Marion with a letter written from his lawyer, who placed the police rumors picked up by reporters had "broken my heart and spirit". Marion is now living two years from hell.

The 13-week trial was marked by the presentation of the sometimes sketchy proof of his defense, including the shooting he wore throughout, and eight bottles of evidence of the regular gas ration supplied by his captors. The strangest appearance in the witness box of the Montreal courtroom was that of Power Corporation magnate Paul Desmarais, who was called by the prosecution to testify that he had not conspired with the accused to stage his own kidnapping. Desmarais' cause—and those of seven members of Montreal's wealthy Beaufays family—were foiled on an alleged list of kidnap targets drawn up by Valence. Since Desmarais had not succeeded to be kidnapped, there was no rea-



Lawyer Jean-Pierre Hébert and client's wife, Jeanne, "guilty" was a victory

son to suspect Marion of having done

The trial did little to polish the image of police, whose competence was in doubt throughout the investigation. The public division of the provincial police force allowed an identity crisis, on two separate occasions, the kidnappers won. Keyhole, Kogi-style chases involving 500 officers passed to ensure these during attempts to drop ransom payments. Both times, police had deservedly noted the kidnappers but the credit always went to Marion's wife and the Marion family by secretly substracting for ransoms containing \$100,000 in ransom money, identical seven packed with bundles of banknotes are read safety. That the most disturbing and still

unexplained police action was the delivery to the Marion house of a fake, police-arranged ransom threat intended to confuse the abductors. Later, a legitimate transmission went to a Sherbrooke television station, was rebroadcast by police who dismissed the kidnapping as "a family affair". In the end, Marion's son managed to deliver \$80,000 in a drop on an isolated country road and 28 hours later his father emerged from the woods, fit, fitting, and 20 pounds lighter.

Police never did break the case more than eight months after Marion's return, an off-duty, out-of-town prison guard happened across a correct Michel De Varennes, a Sherbrooke disappearance. De Varennes was arrested and then linked to the Marion affair by his possession of a \$20 bill that had been part of the ransom package. It was he who implicated Valence (when he identified as "the bear"), Valence's wife and two others. Against all odds, his enhancement was the faint of De Varennes was a prominent local dandy who, only weeks before his arrest, had won a dice contest. Worse, during the search for Marion, the real-life John Travolta—famously the same hair and jacket and pants—was well informed as the state of the investigation. When Marion's 25-year-old daughter, Barbara, arrived for the preliminary hearing against Valence, she saw De Varennes in the court and exclaimed to a friend, "My God—I danced with him while they were holding my father prisoner."

Marin sat through most of the jury trial and, though he collects his full salary, has not returned to his job. He was constantly escorted by police guards and his psychiatrist who describes him as "a man married for life". Another certain victim is 38-year-old Alice Yergino, the maid petite, Christian secret society and former concierge who had been with Marion when he was abducted from his secluded chalet. Saved to the cottage toilet, she was discovered 38 hours later by her lover's wife and, in court, astutely revealed that the kidnappers had to fetch Marion's pants from his van. He had removed them during the drive to the chalet because, she said, "it was a very hot night."

Claude Valence must wait in detention until June 18 for sentencing, while the four other persons still facing charges in the same case (including his English-speaking members, perhaps agreed on by the juries) receive no trial. Meanwhile, the court that serves as Marion's prison now the crossroads village of Gaspé still attracts the curious, but nothing like the horde that descended after the held's disappearance. The Quebec's René Lévesque with a referendum just round the corner, the timing could not be better. \diamond

Janet Cottin

Fear of flying, 'peur de voler'

A report concluding that bilingual air-traffic control is safe or less safe—launched last week in Ottawa—has set in motion a series of events that could lead to another national blow over the use of French as the air. The last upshot over bilingual air-traffic control in June, 1979 was labelled by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau as Canada's world crisis since the country went over to conscription during the Second World War. At that time the government pressured by a national air union led by Conservatives and pilots opposed to the use of French agreed to a full-scale inquiry before proceeding with bilingual air traffic control.

Last week a report after 14 months of simulated testing of bilingual control by government experts represents the first major step in the inquiry. The report will be brought before a panel of three judges for public hearings beginning Feb. 5 in Montreal. The judges, after hearing from all sides, will report their findings to Parliament in June. Parliament, if it is still sitting, must then debate the judges' report and a bill will be voted.

The situation is fraught with danger. The leaders of the pilots and air traffic controllers' unions will probably stand at least publicly by the judges' findings, but their English-speaking members, perhaps agreed on by the juries, may not. That could lead to another crisis that will pit the nation as well as airline schedules. For Quebec's René Lévesque with a referendum just round the corner, the timing could not be better. \diamond

When you gotta go you gotta go out

Police the phrenetic ten hours of the Alberta Jubilee, departmentalized, were looking behind. A case of us on the last frontier is coming up? Moss Rather 4 is the late, involving the culturally inclined this winter of Alberta's last, last, last, Alberta audience in Calgary and Edmonton. Now, if you have to go, you have to go to the portable potty.

The two art abbeys were established on a leased property by the Social Credit government in 1955 in honor of the province's 50th platters. "Containing every modern convenience it had been possible to install" in a Calgary tourist brochure goes possibly put it, the abbey's undeniably stands on a par with any structure of its kind in North America." But the provincial public works designers made one major miscalculation: They installed only a couple of dozen latrines in audience that said. More than 2,700 people special interests brought along every weekend last year at the day at the day, as Calgary manager Charlie Blackwood says, everybody wants to go to the potty at once. When the government decided to close it that overnight dump major remodeling project presently



undertaken to install cascades. Jubilee patrons found themselves having to keep to portable toilets built by Alco Industries. "There's just no other way around it," says Blackwood, who is of potty to point out that the temporary wastewater tanks are several statue steps above your average toilet since they have both toilets are heated, carpeted, and more or less connected to the audience by covered passage ways. That means, for that

public programs with cast in the last once filed by Eaton's catalogue in fast-style privet.

One continuing drawback of both facilities, even when the renovations are done (estimated cost \$4.5 million) will be the lack of comfort stations for secondary patrons. "It's a shame," Blackwood says, "there are 600 people to there and although they are in the gods, they are not angels." \diamond

Susanne Swanson

Winnipeg

Streetfighting in St. Norbert

Last week, Winnipeg's city councilmen sat starkly across the last patch of ice threatening the treacherous pool of Canadian officiating. Through it had, they remained solidly eight brightly English sounding street names for a new subdivision under St. Norbert and substituted seven French names, the area's French heritage. Gaspé became Béatrice Grandmère, Prairie became Béatrice, Portwood Place is now Dolan—and the theatened battle of the names of St. Norbert, they hope, is over.

One of Macleish's first settlements, St. Norbert grew up around the French-Canadian community, Our Lady of the Prairie. Today a Winnipeg suburb of 3,500 residents, it prides itself on being a co-operative blend of the descendants of its original French settlers and the Anglos who have moved in over the years. Many English-speaking parents have their offspring enrolled in French immersion courses while others choose their education is a mix of French and English. But suddenly last June the embarrasement problem of

naming some new streets threatened that extreme notability. Not a real French-English gulf, name even the leading proponents on both sides—more a case of historic preservation vs. tax dollars.

Nobody had paid much attention three years ago when developer Gordon Wissell announced a new subdivision for St. Norbert. It was to be called Blackwood Lakes, 600 houses on 13 new streets having rather woodsy-sounding names: Fox Oakwood, Alderwood and Royal Bay Tree, St. Norbert, has

Save St. Norbert's Concern and "other voices" signs who they stamp on back?

traditionally named its streets after pioneers, usually French. But, argued Wissell when the plan started, "the names are easy to say and spell and easy to remember. From a marketing point of view they're just fine." And he did name one street, Pilgrim Bay in honor of the gentleman of French descent who sold him the land.

It was the Fort Garry Historical Society that stepped in with spring with a list of alternatives intended to better reflect the area's history—and the street fight was on. "Save St. Norbert" shouted the legal battles were led by people who argued a preference in favor of the French names, only to be beaten by other politicians determined to give the winning street names because "it's a sensible waste of money to switch names now," declared Justice Verhoeven.

"Where were these 'Save St. Norbert' people three years ago?" The two groups clashed first before Winnipeg's environmental committee, then carried the fight, to city council, with the environmentalists winning back rounds. "I hope people don't get the idea that's an argumentative community—we really sat on quite well," inmate Steve St. Norbert told Dan Cawrse, who says he only got involved to help preserve the area's French heritage. "I mean, what'll they do up next? The Reds?" Cawrse, as it happens, is a

Peter Dafoe-Gardie



Beware of Greeks buying ships

Quebec taxpayers own a heterogeneous collection of investments including gas wells in Alberta and a large farm in Florida for raising marmosets. But the latest and most breathtaking of their government's acquisitions is a fleet of 1100, new Pastramian freighters. Riding high at their maximum of 45 knots, the ships are laden with no cargo but with lots of official entertainment—and interest charges of \$1 million a month at rates made to build them at the precariously owned Marine Industries Ltd. These they have been ever since their completion last year

How Quebec came, unwillingly, to own a merchant navy of vessels mothballed before their maiden voyage in a tale replete with international in-

Catch-22 on the squid-jigging grounds

He then says that states should implement insurance benefits are held to be in a previous stage, where job benefits are often the only thing keeping some families from starvation during off-seasons when there's no work to be had. And an added detail of insurance doesn't raise things quite as high as the Unemployment Insurance Commission started taking when an Newfoundland or the British Virgin Islands they would have been eligible for benefits if only they had (a) never been as much money as they did, or (b) made just a living as much

The friendship began with a coincidence—an amazing abundance of squid tails in the summer, when many fishermen spent weeks at sea jigging for squid in between setting and clearing their cod nets. Commercial seabirders paid them an extra \$20 or so a week for the squid they caught and were able to assist them in the measure 35-40 per week in luc stamps, as

These terms define model and terms that

Robert Flasch



Quinton's Panamericana Best: who bought who sold and who's out \$135 million?

handed the shipyard an order for general cargo vessels. Then, as the ship-
sons were becoming a surplus of ves-
sels, the Greek buyer essentially con-
tract for four of the ships. Not, how-
ever, before Marine Industries had paid a
sales committment of \$1.3 million for the
sixty freighters to an agency which
later turned not, passed most of it to
Karageorgis. So, without putting for-
ward his own money, the Greek be-
neficiated magnificently to effect a com-
mission on a passenger sail to himself.

Why the commission was paid is not known, but it is believed that the Bank of Montreal transferred the money to Kovanda on the firm strength of a phone call from a Martin Industries executive who has not been identified—nor has the sales commission rate of three per cent, since the name Yves St. Baud, responsible for Martin Industries at the time Kasavergnon negotiated his outstanding contract, also died, in effect later. His company's 96-percent interest in the Quebec government since the time of the Baumaer Liberal—had to search for him in Europe to have him sign a letter of resignation.

Worse was to come. The six remaining ships were nearly finished when the Greek, on the pretext of alleged construction defects, announced he would refuse to accept delivery. The costly respite, in the opinion of Quebec officials, was the global steel surplus.

well. Now that the fishing season is over the men have that extra unemployment and it helps to keep them out of jail when they're destined to hang the leaders of squads that began to wash up on shore. The same old tricks I used to use for them.

The buyers wouldn't buy fresh aquaculture products, explained Betty Burt of New World Island. "We all had to learn to sell fish but the buyers didn't care about bone fish fisheries." So instead the women gathered the aquaculture products and dried them and then sold them as processed products. "It's an issue in need of catching if it's only a bit up there," says Burt. "People were from five in the morning to 10 in the night and that gives you maybe a thousand aquaculture a day catch." Mrs. Burt averaged about \$150 a week from the dried dried fish. "A little more work but just about tripled her money. The catch, no unemployment."

sharks. "It's a question of insurance earnings." The act would have had to make at least \$300 a week selling processed fish to be eligible for benefits. We could have collected if we were just jigging fish at \$100 a week, but there's no way we could catch and dry 300 pounds of processed fish in a week. And they can tell us why it's illegal. It's just some law they come up with. They don't even know why they wrote it with it." Robert Franklin



The days of judgment



way of thinking. Strikes by key industries and bloody clashes brought the country to a standstill and sent Canadians and other foreigners hurrying to the exit lounge of the country's airport (see page 22).

Although the Shah's arch foe, the exiled Ayatollah Khomeini, rejected Bakhshian's proposals that the monarch should remain, though taking a "hail-mary" abroad, and the opposition National Front denounced its former No 1 for accepting the Shah's manœuvre, Bakhshian went about the business of cabinet-making in relative peace last week. Striking of workers agreed to renew their grip on the pumps sufficient to fuel Iran's own needs and the few demonstrations were peaceful.



Buettner (above) and Bransfield (right)

more so, perhaps, because the Shah has no royal blood or princely heritage than King Kong.

He was born a commoner on Oct. 26, 1919, the son of Mukarram Riza, an opportunistic peasant who, although illiterate until adulthood, had risen through quick wit and ruthless guile to be a colonel in the army. In 1931, Riza seized power in a military coup and soon after proclaimed himself Reza Shah, supplanting the decadent Qajar dynasty. He chose the name of an ancient Persian language, Fahlavi, as his dynastic surname and designated his son as heir.

In 1925, Reza Shah established a modern army and a centralized bureaucracy. He also managed to reduce the influence of Britain and the Soviet Union who had the country in an economic grip bordering on colonial control. His great mistake was to foster close relations with Germany during the 1930s. At the outbreak of the Second World War he declared Iran neutral and the country harbored German technicians and propagandists. As a result, we to ensure supply lines, the Soviet Union and the British invaded Iran in August, 1941, and forced Reza Shah to abdicate in favor of his son. Thus Na-



hamed, aged 22, came to the throne as a virtual puppet.

At first he was ineffective. The British again took control of his officials and political opposition began to build from within. In 1951, Mohammad Mossadegh, a charismatic leader, became head of a coalition government that ousted the British and, in 1953, engineered a coup which led to the Shah's departure from the country. Yet even then the Shah's fall was a high strategic stakes and its geo-

graphy was sensitive. America's Central Intelligence Agency took over, organized a counter-coup and, within a week of running away, the Shah was back in Tehran and in control.

Under CIA guidance he adopted his tough old father as a role model and began to govern the country with absolute control backed by a huge secret police force that has never hesitated to use torture and violence to subdue whatever ends the Shah believed were

vile. Nowhereand, she said: "The mob were shouting 'Tehran go home. Yankees go home.' We got off the street and into our hotel room and lay on the floor and thought that was it."

Others in America had it that some Canadians had come to Tehran with their gold bars and snatched them home. But another execrate Elena Gostin of St. Catharines, Ontario, said her family lost everything. Thousands of dollars in their walls of living "when they left. And external affairs spokesman Andre Simard deploiled the legitimacy of the claims, though he promised an inquiry.

Despite the condemned seizure, a standard economy and a political uncertainty close to 1,000 Canadians involved in a plethora of occupations from banking to missionary work, have remained. Although Canadians have invested little capital in Iran since 1973, when oil prices skyrocketed, they have looked to the country as a market for exports and technological advance. Last year, sales were worth \$146 million and more than 300 business annually have visited the country to promote their products.

The pickings were good—so Stedler Hulme workers were paid for less than \$30 a day. But Canadians may not fully appreciate the setting: "The thing we had when we saw the plane come to get us was indescribable," said executive Gary Goldstein of Duncan, B.C. "We're glad to be home."

The months that tilted the throne

It is almost exactly a year since the incident which touched off the lone and which has now led to such a brutal explosion under the Shah's regime. The bloody calendar of the year that shows the Shah's penultimate year to the edge of his Peacock Throne is thus:

January Numerous policemen are gunned down on demonstrators protesting the dispersal of a rally of Moslem theology students, killing from six to 20 people. The incident sets off a cycle of 40-day mourning periods followed by further violence that lasts for most of the year.

February First turn of the cycle, as about 100 people die in riots in Tabriz, the country's second-largest city. The government hangs the rioters under the label "Terrorists," a contradictory if convenient way of describing the growing opposition.

March and April After another 40-day period, riots break out in other towns and villages across the country.

May Rioters in 34 cities protest the Shah's "moderation" progress. Moslem clerics call for observance of strict Islamic law, return of government-owned land, abolition of new women's rights and closure of liquor stores and movie theaters. The Shah personally takes command of troops May 11 when riots break out in Tehran for the first time in the year.

June The Shah dismisses Gen. Namdarzadeh as head of state, apparently as a concession to the vast suppression of May's demonstrations. Another 40-day mourning period ends with peaceful marches in seven cities.

July About 40,000 people die in scattered rioting.

August Riots and demonstrations kill full-scale after 400 people are burned to death in Abadan's Cinema Box. Government blames Moslem clerics; the opposition government agents Jafar Shah Emami is named prime minister in the hope that his links with the Moslem clergy will pacify opponents.

September On the 6th—"Bloody Friday"—soldiers fire point-blank on rioters demonstrating in Tehran. Some body counts exceed 2,000. Carter pledges continued support for Shah—but also calls for more "political liberalization."

October Street in support of political reform and more gay rights, the public service, oil production, newspapers and many other businesses. Shah gives an easy to anti-government leaders in exile. Government promises students to be born and free, 1,451 prisoners to mark his 40th birthday. On the 26th, 10 hours of an oil refinery choke the flow of natural gas to the Soviet Union and through the Shah's pipeline to West and on Dec. 30 a provincial city of Meshad burns at least 100 dead, bringing officially estimated deaths to 1,600. Carter distances put total deaths of many thousands.

police and set fire to buildings—including the British Embassy. General Reza Adnan replaces Emami as prime minister and military government seizes banks and traps of key sites throughout Iran. Shah judges officials for corruption, even announces probe of the royal family's business dealings, and three hundreds of political prisoners, but opposition is not appeased. Shias and demonstrators continue while Washington and Moscow exchange notes warning each other against interfering.

December Holy month of Moharram begins, the most sacred month of the Shias' Moslem calendar and, as it turns out a fatal month for the besieged Shah. Shias further reduce oil production and anti-government leaders take on a strong anti-Iranian mood. Foreigners continue to leave the country—about 15,000 having left since September. Hundreds of thousands of people march through Tehran on the holiest day, the 11th. These are threats from the rank and file of the army an 12 officers are shot by unknown soldiers. Commerce is nearly paralyzed across the country as oil wells that control shale and crude oil is stormed. On the 20th, Shah's 40th birthday, he is informed that 200,000 anti-Shah rebels accept the new imperial decree but anti-government leaders express their indignation at not knowing that the Shah abdicates. West and on Dec. 30 a provincial city of Meshad burns at least 100 dead, bringing officially estimated deaths to 1,600. Carter distances put total deaths of many thousands.

Tehran rioters, the 11th was Bloody Friday

struction projects like Acres International Ltd., an Ontario firm with a \$1.5-billion contract for a hydroelectric power plant on the Karun River in Southwestern and a consortium including Canadian General Electric and Dresser Industries which is building a \$1.2-billion hydroelectric project at Goli and Chiragh. Canadian and Dresser's were attracted by the remote capital of Tehran last week, leaving behind cold and snowy, as four Canadian Armed Forces Hercules planes provided a round the clock assault to supply the Turkish capital of Ankara. (Earlier in the week, dependents of Canadians working in the southern Islands were flown by charter to Athens after clashes between military brigades and anti-Shah demonstrators.)

Most of these flown out by the Armed Forces were employees of Stedler Hulme Limited of Canada which, since 1973, has been helping set up a massive \$500-million turbines industry project near Gilan and Razavi on the Caspian Sea. The company has pride of Canadian enterprise in that it is responsible for one of the larger contractors (275 people, including females) of the estimated 2,000 Canadians working in Iran. Other companies involved in there than \$2 billion worth of major con-



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Out of the frying pan into the fridge

They were ushered out on an intense wave of anti-American sentiment with tales of food shortages and ever-increasing violence, with meat costs and the ergonomics of a 40-hour work week. The U.S. and Britain's were attracted by the remote capital of Tehran last week, leaving behind cold and snowy, as four Canadian Armed Forces Hercules planes provided a round the clock assault to supply the Turkish capital of Ankara. (Earlier in the week, dependents of Canadians working in the southern Islands were flown by charter to Athens after clashes between military brigades and anti-Shah

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and his friends' which have been "keen to our movement from the start" Khieu also went to great lengths to stress that he hoped a West European-style democracy will be created in Iran and that religious excesses like those in Saudi Arabia, where few women are open to women and feticide punishments are imposed for many crimes, would be avoided.

That such dualities were necessary was evident from the results of a public opinion poll published last week in the United States, showing that 64 per cent of Americans still felt the Shah was the best ruler for Iran. That statistic—the reflection of years of pacification of the Shah by successive administrations and most of the media as an enlightened reformer, opposed only by religious and political extremists—was responsible for some of the caution with which the U.S. was approaching the prospect of dropping its position.

Beyond the fear of upsetting public opinion at home should it drop him, however, were lingering suspicions that the fall of the Shah would destabilize the military and political balance in the Persian Gulf area. Said the *New York Times*: "The enormous savings military analysts in the United States have come to expect from the fall of the Shah are offset by the fact that the Russians, by avoiding overt intervention in Iran, are determined to maintain control of the country. And the Russians were said to have been with concern that the Soviet Union was becoming influential radio propaganda for Iran, had stepped up espionage and was strengthening military positions in Southern Yemen and the island of Socotra in the Indian Ocean."

In the face of such weary scenarios, it was a small wonder that President Carter, his spurs and his mustache, appeared to be yearning to return home.

The scenario, launched Christmas Day as part of an old border war between the two countries, was again initially spearheaded by a newly formed group of Cambodian rebels called the United Front for National Salvation. But it was more than evident that the crack Soviet-backed Vietnamese army outdistanced the hasty fighting, leaving the mapping up to the 50,000 insurgents.

An Soviet-built Vietnamese jet strafed and bombed the rebels based on Cambodian soil that they had captured the important Mekong River port of Kratie—just 300 miles from the capital—and thus controlled more than an quarter of the countryside. At the same time, Vietnamese forces were moving out to Phnom Penh's links with its northern provinces and its outlet on the Gulf of Thailand, Kampeng Som, the principal entry for Chinese supplies. With that accomplished, the only access to the world would be its air port and a few desert aircraft.

So quickly were the Cambodian govern-

ment forces crushed that the re-

The end of the tunnel looks dark in Phnom Penh



It seemed like a bloody and violent scenario. Only three years ago, the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh was surrounded by refugees from the Khmer Rouge. Communist guerrillas ousted the royalist regime of Lon Nol. Last week, as a 100,000-strong Vietnamese invasion force marched closer daily, the old colonial city was once again on the point of being "liberated" by Communist guerrillas—only this time it was the antithesis: the brutal Chinese-backed regime of Prime Minister Pol Pot, who were on the verge of disaster.

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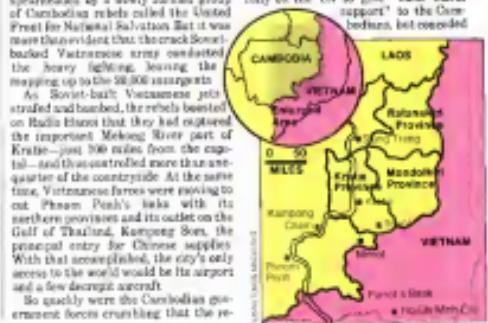
So quickly were the Cambodian govern-

ment forces crushed that the re-

gime was left squirming helplessly. While Radio Phnom Penh called the Vietnamese "fairy and shameful invaders," President Khieu Samphan declared Vietnam as "the City of Ann" and appealed to the United Nations and all countries "far and near" for help in stopping the invasion. So far, little help seems to be forthcoming. Even the Chinese seemed, at least on the surface, to accept an inevitable Soviet victory in what is, in essence, a fight by proxy between the two big Communist superpowers in Indochina. Senior Vice-President Trong Huu Ngan, called daily on the TV to give "clear moral support" to the Cambodians, but conceded

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it seemed impossible to restrain "beginning—whether big or small." Even though there are 30,000 Chinese advisers in Cambodia, the most the Chinese offered was a safe harbor for the regime's leaders.

The reason may be partly that the more liberal Chinese leadership no longer feels it expedient to prop up a despotic and unpopular regime. Since the Khmer Rouge took over in 1975, Cambodia has been virtually sealed off from the world, as people subjected to a rigid purges reorganization plan that involved an enclosed mass exodus from the cities. The brutality of the regime is helping to push many Cambodians on to the side of the Vietnamese, whose long-term aim may be to establish an Indochinese Federation including Laos, which is already under control. But whatever the merits and ramifications of the latest upheaval, for Cambodia a replay of 1975 may just be a thing—more bloodshed in a country that has known little else for years.

Angela Fernandes

Guadeloupe

He didn't want to go, anyway

When France announced that it would host last weekend's four-nation summit on its Caribbean island of Guadeloupe, Canada's name was noticeably absent from the guest list (Berlin, the United States and West Germany). It seemed that, once again, France had deliberately snubbed Canada, whether out of sympathy for Quebec's separatists, disdain for Canada as a country, or some other reason. Adding credence to my theory, the announcement came the day before Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was to see French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing at the Elysée palace. "The timing was downright offensive," said one Ottawa diplomat.

Canadian officials also attempted to take some of the sting out of the French snub by pointing out that the official agenda of the Guadeloupe summit constituted not of economic issues, as did the previous summit, but of "political" matters such as the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, the fates of Nebel and Rhodes, and Rhodes' approaching visit with China, the power key in Iran and growing Islamic influence over world affairs. That explanation, not only suggests that Canada, somehow, has less interest in such matters than the invited countries, it is also probably untrue. Non-Canadian sources indicated that the 1980 grain-bike trade and the international economic shrapnel were likely to be discussed. There was also considerable suspicion that economic relations with Japan were on the agenda—and hence the reason for that country's exclusion.

Finally, Canadian spokesman, including Trudeau himself, suggested France cannot be blamed for leaving Canada off the guest list because the initiative for the summit came from Washington, not Paris. While that may be true, there is no doubt from whence the invitational came. Paris asked the influential British magazine, the *Economist*: "What else would have the gall to call so many meetings of first world leaders?"

It appears that Giscard, whom the *Economist* calls "Europe's last emperor" and who must enter to confront an amendment in France, is trying to revive de Gaulle's old idea of the "détenteuse," a group of four nations that would most regularly and soberly the affairs of the non-Communist world. Whether the



GEN. DAVID HAIG IN THE REPUBLICAN BATTLE

Exclude anything

Most speculation on a successor at which Cambodian headquarters centers on two candidates. The early favorite is Admiral Souphanon, the minister of the air who has come under criticism for not predicting his political crisis. President Carter has been considering moving him, but the problem has been what to do with the 55-year-old admiral who, despite his record, is regarded as a brilliant military leader.

Pragmatic officials privately conclude that General Kheo Seng, former chief of staff, is the other leading candidate. But Carter was planning to consult Walter Rausch during the weekend summit meeting in Guadeloupe before making a choice.

Philip Gernert/William Lowther



Japanese, in particular, are willing to be so ordered in doubtful. More certain is that the next summit will be held in Tokyo in June—and Canada has already been invited.

Ben Urszkurt

The U.S.

The cops who can't add two and two

A police continued to probe Chappaqua's latest mystery last week, with a review of the Aviation's cult still burning the national consciousness, the U.S. federal justice department was turning again to a three-year-old report that could have prevented both. The right-left link between the two cases is that law enforcement agencies had received plenty of warnings that something drastic might be wrong with police methods—and had failed to act.

"Substantially more than half of all serious reported crimes receive no more than superficial attention from investigators," concluded a three-volume study from the renowned Rand "Think Tank" in October, 1975. But the report, commissioned and paid for by the federal government, resulted in practically no changes in the way police departments operate.

More than five years before the Jonestown murders in Guyana last November, complaints galore about the violence and nerve tautness of cult leaders flooded into California police departments. But little or no action was ever taken. It is now apparent that something similar happened in Chappaqua, where police have failed since 1971 to follow up leads that could have linked

badly compromised that archeological techniques had to be used to remove them.

The hulky, double-chinned contractor had a surprising hobby: he dressed as a clown to entertain children. But for years his name has been involved in incidents involving the disappearance of teenage boys and alleged homosexual acts. In addition to the Barthovitch case at least four other complaints were made to the police about Gary. Two concerned disappearance and two sexual attacks. Chicago police refuse to comment now on what went wrong—why they didn't link the complaints and why they left some uninvestigated. But a justice department official in Washington, who asked not to be identified, told MacLean's he knew of at least two other multiple murder cases in the last few years that could have been prevented if local police had followed up early leads.

As a result, the department, and at least one other Washington-based police organization, are looking again at the Rand report which calls for an all-around police ring. After an extensive study of just how police departments throughout the nation handle reported cases, the Think Tank said "Although a large proportion of reported crimes are assigned to an investigation, many of these receive no more attention than the reading of the initial crime incident report—over-all less than half of the

accused mass slayer John Wayne Gacy to homosexual rapes and the mysterious disappearance of local teenagers before police believe that during the past few years Gacy may have killed as many as 32 victims.

"If the police had only paid attention to me, they might have saved many lives," said Marie Barthovitch, a woman from Elgin, Ill., in one of the presented extracts.

"I'd like to know who paid off all the client lawyers if they can't put two and two together." Before young Barthovitch disappeared on July 11, 1975, he had been unemployed for about 18 months. By Gacy's count, six officers who patrolled a suburban remodeling business. The night Barthovitch was last seen, he had a violent argument with Gacy over money, say two other youths who were present.

Gacy was arrested just before Christmas, after investigators found the remains of eight bodies under his house and he told them where to look. For others, since police have found about 11 more bodies, some of them so

Gacy (below) and Jim Jones' compatriots share, but little or no real action



reported felons could be said to be worked on by an investigator, and the great majority of cases that are actively investigated receive less than one day's attention."

Police may now be told to look again at the suggested reforms: if they do they may be in time to stop the next mass killer before he gets started. But they will be too late to save the Rev. Jim Jones' followers—or the victims of John Wayne Gacy.

William Lowther

New Zealand

Invasion of the headline snatchers

It looked part and as good a display of flying saucers as anyone could want. Television reporter Quinton Pugnary, 22, from Melbourne, Australia, took off his New Year's holiday in New Zealand to chase a flot of unidentified flying objects reported off the coast. Within a minute of takeoff, lights were pulsing and expanding around him and, over the radio, ground radar control was warning that an unknown object was heading his chartered freight plane.

It was midnight. Pugnary was 12,800 feet above a lonely, mountainous coast. No other aircraft were known to be in New Zealand airspace and there, drawing level with him, was a saucer-shaped craft with a transparent dome accompanied by an egg-shaped object with white lights whirling around it at fanastic speed.

Pugnary remembered Frederick Valentich, a fellow Australian who disappeared in October over the Bass Strait after reporting that his plane was being followed by a silver object. But Pugnary kept flying for 5½ hours, recording about 50 sightings, and when he landed, he and his cameraman had a case of film that set television viewers around the world agog with amazement.

The Royal New Zealand Air Force, which said it was "very concerned," set up an anti-meteorite reconnaissance plane on a midnight-to-midnight patrol but all it picked up were signals from an emergency beacon that had been tested in the capital, Wellington, and left with its operator, a retired pilot.

The sighting produced the usual consternation. Pugnary was curiously said to have seen Venus, meteors or the lights of a great James Bond-style flying fleet that is gathering off the New Zealand coast for the northern summer. But retired astronomer Frank Battenbach supplied the most believable alternative theory. For years, Battenbach lived on top of a mountain near Pugnary's sightings

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Another look at a new-look bench

It could be the "most important innovation of the Carter presidency." At least that's what one White House lawyer said last week. Gravely, he said, another innovation when the government's need for a favor means that the old system of patronage will not. While Congress was at mid-month, the Senate Judiciary Committee has the chance to make the practice of selecting federal judges more for party loyalty than law—and to ensure that in future, character is more important than connections.

Under law, the president should pick all federal judges with the "advice and consent" of the Senate. But it has never worked that way. In practice, senators choose their own mediators and the White House and the judiciary committee rubber-stamp the appointments. The appointments are significant, because it is the federal courts that major legal precedents are. They are the battlegrounds for civil liberty cases, for labor law and for trend-setting cases on such subjects as abortion. If the judges had been different there might

never have been such scandalous miscarriages of justice as those of the Whittington 33 and the Chicago Eight.

The change is to change a potentially corrupt system now because of the enormous backlog of cases now before the federal courts and because of a change in the chairmanship of a major congressional committee that the newest member of judges would never support. But with the expanding crime rate, Congress has year authorized a 35-percent increase in the federal judiciary—187 new district court judges and 35 for the courts of appeal. In part, the politicians now have a "wonder-barter" of judges—a way of paying off and dispensing favors.

President Jimmy Carter made a campaign promise to pick judges on merit. So when he tried to bring off the new committee chairman, James Eastland of Mississippi, agreed that the president should appoint commissioners to pick appeals court judges but insisted that the far greater number of district court judges be chosen by senators. He warned that should Carter ignore his advice, the committee would refuse to confirm the appointments.

This month, however, Eastland is succeeded by Senator Edward Kennedy and a new atmosphere already is evident. All senators have been asked to set up independent commissions in their home states to pick judges and Carter has issued a list of guidelines. Women, blacks and other minority groups must now be given priority in areas where they previously have been discriminated against. Kennedy has already set a precedent by suggesting that David W. Nelson, a black associate justice of the Massachusetts State Supreme Court, and Rya W. Sobel, 96, a Jewish woman lawyer, be appointed to the U.S. District Court. It is the first time that anyone other than a white male has even been proposed for a federal judgeship in Boston.

Not surprisingly, there is strong opposition. To date, only 18 states have set up the "merit" commissions and, while what has been done about the appointment of new judges, Senator Lloyd Bentsen replied, "I am the most committed to merit for Texas." Carter, too, has faced up to at least one committee to live up to his own ideals. He was about to approve a candidate recommended by Attorney-General Griffin Bell for the 10th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, when Senator Thomas F. O'Neill paid a belated visit to the Oval Office. The next day the president decided that the brother of a Utah Democratic congressman should get the job. If the president himself is so easily swayed, it may prove to be the shortest-lived as well as the most important innovation of his term.

William Lowther

All sports UFO: alias of film set the world's TV viewers pop-eyed with amazement

while prospecting an observatory site for the National Science Foundation of Washington, D.C. He says he often saw balls of light flashing and dashing off the crest at this time of the year. The cause? Inversion layers created when cold mountain air collides offshore with warmer sea breezes in clashes so violent that electrical discharges show up on radar.

Whatever the truth, the reported sightings brought new hope to the parents of Valentich, 26, whose file is still open at the Australian department of transport's air safety investigation branch. Valentich vanished as a test flying on Oct. 21 after reporting an unidentified aircraft "with four bright lights" flying around him. Then his radio cut out. His last words were, "Unknown aircraft hovering top of me."

No trace of Valentich's Cessna 182 has been found. Wreckage picked up as the southernmost point Cape Otway turned out to be from a ship. A sample from an oil slick in the Bass Strait was analyzed but was found not to be aviation fuel. His flying instructor believes Valentich could have been confused by beams from two nearby lighthouses.

But Valentich's father, Guido, who, like his son, believes in UFOs, maintains "I really believe he met something very mysterious." Guido also discusses theories that his son, a shop assistant and voluntary instructor with the Air Training Corps, staged his own disappearance. "He had his career in front of him—there are a million reasons why he wouldn't do such a thing."

The sightings continue outside the marginal version of the Bermuda Triangle as 15 policemen reported seeing mysterious lights Jan. 20, not far from another major air, Brasilia, 600 miles to the north. Predictably, each new sighting spawns a new theory. By week's end, 1976 had been reported everywhere from Nashville to Jerusalem.

Edward Reynolds/Rita Erlich



Nominally liberal and Robert Warren and Macka was conspicuously absent



West Germany

The seekers and the sought

The Jewish demonstrators outside the West German consulate in Toronto were police but first, "We do not forget," their banners read, "One unspeakable murderer and one is too many." Their protest, like last year's, brief emergence of the 16-year-old Rudi Dutschke from Berlin's Red-light district to undergo treatment for a blood-alcohol emergency, drew attention to an issue which is causing fierce debate in West Germany: whether to close the books on the country's Nazi past.

On Jan. 1, 1980, the statute of limitations on prosecutions of Nazi officials extended in 1964 and again in 1968, comes into force unless the Bundestag votes on a new prolongation. No fresh prosecutions can be mounted after the end of the year, though cases already before the courts or under investigation will not be affected.

The controversy was set off by Götz Trautz, historian son of novelist Thomas Mann, who late last year proposed a general amnesty for Nazi crimes—except those involving genocide and murder of Jews in concentration camps—in order to heal the "continuing split" in German society. Mann was immediate support from Franz Josef Strauß, the country's leading shrillshooter on the right. Constant extension of the statute was problematical, from the legal point of view, he said, and anyway "our wartime enemies never presented their own war criminals."

The case against further extension is a persuasive one. For one thing, the majority of the population was not even born when Hitler came to power in 1933. The war has been over for 33 years, many accused are too feeble to stand trial and the memory of witnesses has become unreliable with the passage of time. Furthermore, as Mann said, the recognition of the Nazis in history would fit a psychological batter from民族主义 a nation that provides 60 per cent of NATO's Europe-based combat troops as well as economic leadership for the European Community.

Yet there are persuasive arguments for extension, too. Former Chancellor Willy Brandt believes a different policy would confront the government, ease the deadline has passed, if a way around the statute of Adolf Hitler, 50, were announced in Brazil or Argentina. Other leaders were that memory of the prosecutions period could give the country's Communist neighbors the opportunity to embarrass Bonn by re-

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leaving incriminating archive material and claiming that mass murders were still at large.

And they certainly are. Trials of suspected criminals are still a regular feature of life and the Ludwigsburg Centre for the Investigation of Nazi Crimes says that cases are proceeding against 3,000 people. In Frankfurt, the tenth of a series of prosecutions involving mass murder at Auschwitz is under way. Another trial concerns atrocities at a camp at Majdanek, in Poland. Verdicts in some cases are not expected before the end of 1982.

On the other hand, fewer and fewer cases end in the handing down of sentences. In all, only 6,425 out of 82,500 suspects have been sentenced since 1945 and the percentage of cases which end in sentences has fallen from 9.8 per cent between 1945 and 1964, to 5.6 per cent in the 10 years ending with 1975.

Then, a patriotic figure who is probably still in jail only because the Soviet Union wants it, is far by the most famous of ex-Nazi prisoners. While the only other war criminals still in jail outside Germany in northern Europe are the "Three of Breda" in Holland. One of them, Hugo von der Fosten, 68, was head of Jewish documentation in the Anne Frank city of Amsterdam.

In fact, many West Germany liberals are more concerned about the future of Nazis than its past. It is still possible to read fringe newspapers in Germany that have not changed their tone since the dark days of the 1930s. Hamburg's *Der Spiegel* told readers recently: "Throughout the Aryan world, the forces of rebirth are stirring. White men are no longer prepared to be led around by the noses by Jews, Negroes and criminals." And: "Never again must the Jew be allowed to force Aryans to fight against white allies which attempted to break the power of the basic sense as happened in 1939 against the German Reich."

Such outbursts, however, are more notable for their bark than their bite. It is easy to speculate on a resurgence of racism, but the facts do not bear out the theory. While there is a vigorous right wing in the country, the most notorious spills over into bigotry, and a tiny section of neo-Nazi youth in the left, which has formed a terrorist leaving the name "Hitler's children", Nazi Star have made little impact at the polls.

Perhaps the most telling evidence that a new "Hitler wave" is not imminent came from an opinion poll last October. Only seven per cent of Germans questioned said they would vote for a "woman like Adolf Hitler" if they had the chance. Ninety per cent stated categorically that they would not.

Philip Gresford

Sports

A rule's the thing to catch the king

The king of the mountain will probably know his crown this season. Ingemar Stenmark, the 22-year-old favorite son of Täby, Sweden, is being looked out for this year.

If he were a marathoner, the handicappers would long ago have stopped weight on him. Since 1975, the six-foot, 175-pound slalom has been the world champion and, as nothing and as one on the slopes could stop him, skiers' authorities have changed the rules to give more mortals a chance. "Last season," says one official, "Ingemar had the world championship all wrapped up by January. The races in February and March didn't mean a thing and the ski world went to sleep." Now they're giving things so that the last events of the 30-year season on these continents will carry a heavier-than-usual load of championship points and extra points will be awarded to skiers who race all three events—downhill, slalom, and giant slalom. The seemingly subtle change should be enough.

"I don't think I have a chance to win a fourth World Cup under the new rules," Stenmark sighs. "It's just not possible to be a top skier in all three disciplines. I am content to be the top at two of them and have no wish to be 25th in the downhill."

Stenmark, as far, has steadfastly dismissed the downhill, that hell-bent leather "Ying-yang" descent on which cross-hatched racers speed half the time airborne as they rocket from bank to bank. "That's for weight lifters," grants one coach. "The slalom is for the skiers."

The most alert skier since Garbo, some journalists near Stenmark once took a long-distance telephone call in a public booth and needed his hand up and down for yes and sideways for no, then hung up without uttering one syllable. He's bold, he's fast, he's young, he's got a great sense of humor, he's got a great sense of style, he's got a great sense of fun.

What has made Stenmark so great? He has been hurtling down slopes since age five and won his first race at age seven. But the main factor may be his strength, especially his massive legs that wrench and snap the gates as he pounds through turns. Swedish scientists have tested Stenmark and say that he is one of the three or four

strongest men in the country. Tennis star Björn Borg is right up there too. Stenmark's strength may be hereditary, for his grandfather was a boxer who made a living as a fighter.

A Stenmark strength, too, is his determination—he's the first on the hill in the morning and the last off at night—and down-to-earth approach. He is the least money-conscious skier superstar to live, what the competitors call the "white stress." In years he puts into the slopes in a Volkswagen, avoids the fancy life and saves energies on the checkpage and career circuit. He could

Stenmark: giving mere mortals a chance



have the pick of ski equipment but steadfastly continues to slash through the station gates in Täby, a lesser Yugoslav brand produced by some former Soviet World War veterans. They say they pay him only \$15,000 a year in advances, but Stenmark says, "Klas made a big effort to equip us when no one knew who we were. It wouldn't be right to abandon them now that success is coming."

Stenmark shuns away from amenities that come with that success. U.S. coach Harald Schaefer says Stenmark is "too shy for the position he's in. He really doesn't like to be the centre of things."

With all of Stenmark following his exploits, with reports from seven Swedish newspapers pursuing him night and day, with free crepeing it and stealing sourcrab stories from his gardener, the quiet Stenmark tells reporters to ask his coach if he can grant an interview. The coach always says no. "That's Ingemar's way of turning down the chance to talk," the coach admits. "He hates to say no himself. But if a journalist is bold to come to me first, that's the signal that Ingemar doesn't want to talk."

And so he goes, quietly dominating his sport. Now, though, he will be without his crown, queuing after Olympic gold instead. "The hope of producing the perfect performance fills me with a wonderful feeling of happiness," he says, "a feeling which drives me on."

Arturo F. Gonzalez, Jr.



Tradeau with unidentified friend, Ray McCoy

On the off chance that all work and no play might make a dull boy out of even a flamboyant head of state, **Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau** spent a few leisurely days in Banffay Bay, Jamaica, last week, following a summit meeting with six other world leaders to discuss economic order. For Trudeau, it was his second "summit meeting" in as many weeks, considering that over Christmas he was reunited with his estranged wife, **Marguerite**, daughter of Stephen Arness, at the West Vancouver home of **Mr. and Mrs. James Shockey** (Mr. Shockey, 70, Tycoon of the successively vital University of Michigan professor, but he spent some time at the Negriti Beach Village, a swishing holiday spot which advertises hammocks). In the company of his casually dressed security guards, the PM failed to make use of the resort's main beach, but he did go snorkeling during day and tripped dramatically on the Negriti staircase floor at night.

He's been legitimate. He has done **TV** shows and movies and always wanted to do **Monty**, but the turning point is actor **Bob Mandel**'s career came when he finally said to himself, "The world doesn't need another great actor." PD becomes a commodity. And so after turning to Hollywood where he did

four on *Average Road*), was consequently lured to the Park Plaza. **Edgar** was played a short while ago, then went across the street at the *Four Seasons*. Although the two stars didn't meet off the set, in the film **Edgar** is called upon to spend a good deal of time with **Reed**. She is his patient. He is her therapist.

Going ostensibly to Los Angeles to shoot his part as Sergeant Frank Tree in an upcoming movie, **Mike**, **Canada's sonne**, **Don Akyroyd** (*Saturday Night Live*) admits he's really as a secret weapon to prevent U.S. imperialists and preserve Canadian sanity. Playing tank with Akyroyd on the set of **MI-1** (a comedy based on American events after the attack on *Pete's Harbor*) is his old pal from *Toronto's Second City*, **John Candy**, and his *Hiawatha Brother*, **John Betta** (*Maniac Moon*). "What I'm really doing down here," said Akyroyd, 38, "is gathering information to defend Canada, because I'm convinced that in 1989 the States will take us over. First, they'll send in the National Guard from Maine to capture Quebec and then they'll grab our nuclear plants. The Americans don't know it, but I'm a security theorist. I know how to unplug— even *DSI*—and I know how to sneak into the back door of the White House since I've been there twice. You can go ahead and print this, just remember—it's top-secret stuff!"

With phasers on alert, Captain Kirk on the bridge and **Spock** in the control room harping about warp speeds, **Paramount Pictures** has started *Star Trek* in an effort to boldly go where no *TV* series has ever gone before. At a cost of \$15 million, the

Kirk demanding a little civility



series remake of the late 80s television show will reunite the original cast of the Starship Enterprise, hoping to cash in on the *Trekker* craze which has



spawned 371 fan clubs, annual conventions, more than 10 books and 421 fan publications. Although the crew will be dressed somewhat differently—they have been given a mod intergalactic update with life-support systems worn at

Soler (in suit) and water man on the rocks

the waist—the faces remain the same. Montreal-born **William Shatner** (Kirk) will reprise the role, **Leanne McAny**, as the pointy-eared **Velma Spock**, will do his best not to cringe, **Deforest Kelley** (Dr. "Sesame" McCoy), **James Doohan** (Brent), **Michael Dorn** (Worf) and **Wilmer Valderama** (Chekov) are new additions of the ethnically and racially balanced Starship. For **Shatner**, whose face is more often associated with supermodel commercials, "It's all been going very well," he says.

Just before *Canada After Dark* host **Paul Shere** went on holiday to England last week, his boss, **CBC** head of variety programming **Jack McAndrew**, invited him to the house and poured him a drink. It was rum and water, on the rocks. The news was straight up and as far as **Shere** was concerned, the talk-off patter left a lot to be desired. McAndrew's tidings were that as of Jan. 28, *Canada After Dark* and its crew of 35 would cease production. Surprise? Although **Shere** said he "wasn't expecting it," *After Dark's* refreshingly low ratings and \$45,000 weekly budget made the show essentially dispensable in light of the 1979 CBC financial restructure. **Shere**, who took over the show last summer (*Peter Gauvin* had hosted it since the ground since '78), said he was "disappointed," but not bitter and certainly available for future assignments from the network. "I like to work," he said. "My association with the CBC will continue."

There's no release like an old reissue—especially, when 66-year-old **honey**, **Susan Duke**, wanders from the confines of her harbour-front **Shediac** Island estate called Raught Point, it's something of an event. Duke, the American Tobacco Company heiress (Lucy Stein, *Tarzan*) and daughter of **James W. Duke**, recently made a rare appearance at *Newspaper's Queen Anne Square*, a public park revitalized by the *Newport Restoration Foundation*. **Susan Duke** has been a patron of the foundations in the totality of \$12 million, Newporters willingly older to her wealth for privacy. This isn't the case with visiting journalists, as when a photographer from *Prudential*, **HL**, showed up and started clicking, the police were called. After being ordered off the property, the photographer fled a complaint with police chief **Frederick W. Newton** who, somewhat sheepishly, admitted that the police had acted without authority. While the chief was explaining it "wouldn't happen again," Duke had seduced the scene and, naturally, was "available for comment."

Edited by **Jam O'Hara**

Land of the timber giants

The war of the woods began with just the two of them: MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. and Domtar Inc. If you ask the question, say Tom Macmillan, an executive received in British Columbia, was hooked into a life and death struggle with its eastern Canadian forestry rival and chemical firm, Domtar. As the recent holiday season became the new year, an even bigger player lumbered along waving \$10 million and looking to buy Macmillan — with Domtar as a peripheral part of the spoils. That every of Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd., the non-transportation arm of Canadian Pacific Ltd., and its chairman, Ian Macmillan, brought B.C. President Bill Bennett stumbling back from his holidays for a short-notice announcement. This man's province, he barked, is set for sale, perhaps to anyone whose head office is east of the Rockies. Macmillan and Domtar agreed to an unusual truce by withdrawing their offers for each other, but, having secretly planned for some weeks to increase its 19.4-per-cent share of 10 to 100 per cent, did nothing more than that.

But that wasn't enough for Bennett as the quiet-off period ended his week with a series of meetings he had called at his Robson Square office in downtown Vancouver. On hand for three half-hour individual audiences were CP's hulking Ian Sinclair, the U.S.-born B.C. President Calvert Knudsen and dapper Domtar Chairman Alec MacEachern. When it was all over, no one talked much except the premier, attempting to emerge the victor with the cryptic comment: "The parties concerned didn't understand the position of the government before they came in."

Bennett had clearly taken aim at CP's bid during his meeting with Knudsen that ended with caged voles scurrying through the door. Emerging, Knudsen looked like a man sold to take his bid and had hand back out to prepare to hand it himself to B.C. interests. Striking



After their meetings with Premier Bennett, Macmillan's Knudsen (left) with Ian Sinclair at CP's (bottom) Domtar's Alec MacEachern. Related voices suddenly through the door.

toward the elevator with Knudsen trailing, Knudsen put on the best face possible. "Happy? I'm always happy. I have to be — I'm the happy boy." Only the distinguished, white-haired Al-

Knudsen of Domtar, who started the whole fracas with a surprise \$80-million bid for 14 per cent of Macmillan, could afford dignity. Domtar's offer and Mr. MacEachern's counter-bid a day later had been suspended permanently. "It was first-class, very frank. Just excellent," said Knudsen. Although Domtar officials spent the afternoon on meetings with Mr. Knudsen, said the terms statement issued by both on New Year's weekend still stands: neither will attempt to acquire the other. Knudsen perverted himself a moment of regret that opposition from Bennett and ramifications from the Ontario Securities Commission (concerned at CP's purchase of all Argo Corp.'s stock while pro-rating its offer to other Domtar shareholders) killed a deal that could have seen the two companies sitting together "like hand in glove."

After a year when take-over fever struck Canada, there had seemed to be movement. It toward a particular togetherness among forestry firms. If Macmillan and Domtar had become, in some form, MacTar, sales of the new firm would have extrapolated them from 10th and 15th place respectively in North America to fifth. And as an is still suspected, Consolidated-Bellmore and Arforex merge, that new firm would rank eighth in North America. The four, then, would have moved from the second tier to the top 10, with closest to reach 18 U.S. giants such as International Paper, Weyerhaeuser and Crown Zellerbach.

Bennett's ability to sit on CP is the central issue in B.C.'s unknown future with 90 shares trading actively near five-year highs last week. "Investors must be told what is happening and the air cleared," complained one jangly Vancouver analyst. Too, many did not agree with Bennett's journalistic interferences. Hailed a Toronto stockbroker, "Bennett and Levesque have something in common: neither wants to be part of Canada." A similar view wasn't hard to find within himself. As one officer said about the original offer: "Levesque could say no to our offer for B.C. Bennett should be proud the B.C. ownership would be Canadian."

The premier's shot comes through a new Forestry Act that could cause Canadian timber interests of a corporation with switched ownership. For its part, CP has a controlling interest in B.C.-based timber concern the Centex Corp. and could drive investors away from the province. Whatever its real strength, Bennett's bluster has temporarily halted Domtar's counteroffer. Sinclair is known, however, to be considering moving CP's headquarters from Montreal to Vancouver, a topic now to come up at CP's special board meeting called for this week to discuss its offer to buy Mr. Bennett has already signaled a welcome, saying: "I wouldn't want to rule out any new industry and development coming to our province as long as they clearly understand the position of B.C." Bennett has denied rumors that he would buy CP through British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. thus clearing the way for further talks later after telling Sinclair and CP's

biggest industrial company with \$7.35 billion, to go home. Bennett quickly added to that detail: "I'm as socialist." The war of the woods had become the war of words.

Suzanne Fournier/Halderick McPhee

Turning out the Light

Although he is chairman of one of Canada's largest corporate investment pools, Jake Mayes has none of the sprawling estate charms of Power Corp.'s Paul Desmarais, none of the fiery flamboyance of Argo Corp.'s Conrad Black. Nor is he remotely British, though his firm, London, has \$400 million in assets in British Columbia, currently owned 63 per cent of the country's only privately owned utility, Light of British Columbia. Entombed in a 50-year-old agreement with another utility, the Canadian government power agency, and still mired in the task of finding a buyer for a slumping \$447 million, the shaggy-haired giant from London, Ontario, who looks everything like a former apple farmer — which he is — also manages to be director of 18 major corporations, chairman of both Brascan and John Labatt Ltd., owner of a vast collection of corporate art that shatters his company's corporate offices and all three of his residences (Toronto and London in both Ontario and England), and a rich real-



It was he who dreamed there could be no more Light in B.C., and now there is none.

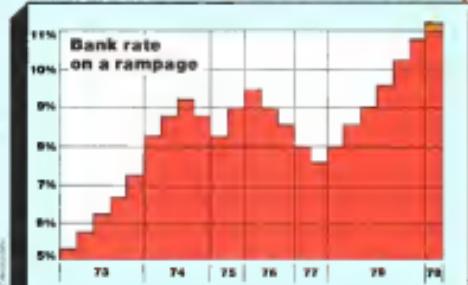
Against Light's \$1-billion book value, \$447 million might not seem — as Holden Caulfield would say — a very impressive deal. But Mayes has developed new imperatives since American builder of Canadian railways Frederick Stark Pearson and his Canadian associates formed the St. Paul, Minneapolis, Light and Power Co. in 1889 and gave

The seventh sting of Gerald Bouey

Now a day before health overlaid the hospital where the rest of the country was widely reminded that the 1979 monetary wealth loss much differed from 1980 Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey waited only three days into the new year before announcing what he'd already had as little as year: the bank rate was headed up again. For most banks and economists, the post-Confederation record 11.1 per cent was no surprise. In fact, Bouey's move even did what it was supposed to do, preparing up the quarterly Canadian dollar, that had slipped below \$1.00 (U.S.) it closed last week at \$1.04 24 cents.

It's pretty validating all around. It remained an ad to Finance Minister Jean Chrétien that there was little else we could do. With Canadian policy continuing to seek higher U.S. interest rates, last-step Ottawa action was predictable. Predictable too was movement to 12 per cent by

the chartered banks in the prime rate, which are not likely to ping the floating dollar above \$1.05 cents, suggesting rate jumps are becoming more frequent and even less enjoyable than visits to the dentist.



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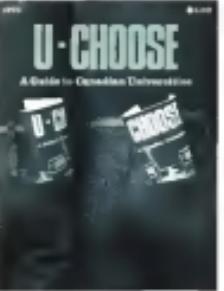
John Messenger had a problem. The principal of the private St. John's-Ravenscourt school in Winnipeg had 12 graduating students who couldn't make up their minds where they wanted to go to university. So Messenger organized a whirlwind two week tour of Ontario and Quebec to give his students an on-campus taste of university life. During the trip last March, the 31-year-old Messenger realized that "high school students don't do any research into the options of a university. They don't ask

[anything] life is rather dull. Most students retreat into the city for their social and cultural life... student government elections and activities suffer from widespread student apathy." And according to the editor, Montreal's venerable McGill is "no longer the uncontested bastion of WASP culture in Quebec." Once exclusive, sleek and heavily endowed, McGill is now dependent, so

stores across the country for \$5. It can soon be had free by students inquiring about college loans at selected branches of the Bank of Montreal, which put up \$15,000 toward the \$45,000 cost of an initial 20,000 copy press run and gets a credit line on the back cover.

"The first issue is admittedly spotty because the researcher varied a lot of the 44 campuses," Messenger says. That, coupled with what he calls "the old Eastern arrogance thing, who are you out there in Winnipeg to judge us? We get around that though."

One way the compiler did get around closed-mouth warreners was to read alumni journals as well as official publications slanted to students, says Messenger, "says McGill, "that current students are putting out bee quite different messages. When talking to so many students everything looks okay. But if you read the messages going to alumni, you hear about financial problems, overcrowded or inadequate



Publisher Wood (left), the first issue, principal Messenger, applauding lack of comparative information for the students

are all Quebec universities, on provincial government grants. It is so secret that, with the declining enrolments, McGill is now advertising students it would not have considered 10 years ago.

One U-Choose associate editor says McGill tried to mount a telephone campaign to rally student resistance to the publication. "We did have a few problems with the information officers at some Eastern establishments," editor Messenger notes. "A former director of student affairs at the University of Guelph.

questions. They don't investigate. Frankly, I was also appalled at the task of comparative materials available to the students—all the material in the university catalogues and brochures was one and making a realistic choice difficult." So Messenger came up with the idea for U-Choose, a sort of Consumers' Publishing catalogue of what's offered on Canadian campuses for students who can't go touring to see for themselves.

A compilation of useful facts about 44 universities, U-Choose contains campus history, courses offered, costs, library services, student facilities and liberal doses of criticism. At Ottawa's Carleton University, for instance, "The



facilities and generally a weak bleaker view. We used some of this information to put things in better perspective."

Already, the change is going as far as the 1979-80 edition due out next fall, which will include helpful data on how many students go on to graduate studies, what sort of job graduates get getting and what university programs produce the best and worst employment records. Messenger's greatest hope for U-Choose is that it will encourage schools and students to think outside their own problems. "At present too many students choose a local university," he says. "The result is that provincial attitudes in Canada are reinforced."

Peter Carlyle-Gardige

A helping hand to keep an eye on

Founded as a weekly in 1887, and a Monday-to-Friday daily since 1949, Moncton's French-language *l'Évangeline* has been an ageing collector and distributor of Acadian literature and culture. But, admits publisher Claude Bourque, "We've always needed money. Our revenue base has not grown yet." In the past, the paper's supporting income included the French government, which has sent both money and reporters, the latter during a journalism tour as an approved representative of France's ministerial military service. Last fall, though, *l'Évangeline* found a sugar daddy closer to home: Ottawa's department of the secretary of state, which agreed to provide \$105,000 in grants over a three-year period. The federal government hopes its dollops of cash will soon ultimate financially, it seems the government has quietly slipped into the daily larmours of sub-siding a daily newspaper.

A common practice in Europe, state aid to newspapers has generally been considered anathema in North America because, as a spokesman for the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association puts it, "The last thing a newspaper wants is to be beholden to the government." The risks are obvious: Politicians could come to world under influence over the press or, even more seriously, the press could become as dependent on government money as to impose self-censorship.

There may, however, be a safe middle ground somewhere, and it is possible *l'Évangeline* has found it. Undeniably the paper needed help from some source. Despite a circulation rise from

about 3,000 eight years ago to an average daily sale of 16,258 in the last six months of 1978, the paper has continued to struggle with reader problems, increasing circulation. *l'Évangeline* is 90 per cent of French-speaking. One reason its base has not grown yet.

In the past, the paper's supporting income included the French government, which has sent both money and reporters, the latter during a journalism tour as an approved representative of France's ministerial military service. Last fall, though, *l'Évangeline* found a sugar daddy closer to home: Ottawa's department of the secretary of state, which agreed to provide \$105,000 in grants over a three-year period. The federal government hopes its dollops of cash will soon ultimate financially, it seems the government has quietly slipped into the daily larmours of sub-siding a daily newspaper.

For its part, the federal government believes the grants are a natural extension of the secretary of state's mandate to look after minority groups. Says An-

Publisher Bourque: We need to be keeping the Acadian fact intact in the Maritimes

RONALD H. COOPER

eastern Under-Secretary of State for Citizenship and Bilingualism Development Paul Larose: "The rationale was that the Acadian people need a communication medium. *l'Évangeline* was there, but they have serious financial problems."

Larose points out the department helps other elements of the ethnic and native press to the tune of \$1 to \$2 million annually. Another, if rather different, example: the National Association of Friendship Centres gets \$25,000 to publish a magazine called *Native Perspective* for Northern people, mostly from the urban centres of the North. But with that first major grant to a daily newspaper, Larose admits the department has been shifted into deficit. "If we don't do it, we will be failing," he says. "But if we go too far we'll be failing too because we'll be accused of meddling with the press."

Modifying the rules, *l'Évangeline* will work on distribution while, according to "extremely specific" guidelines prescribed by Ottawa, also installing technical and financial resources aimed at tightening administrative procedures and reducing costs. Indeed, the grants, which don't flow directly to the paper but to a nonprofit organization called Les Œuvres de Presse Acadiennes Inc. are in yearly amounts of \$105,000, \$50,000 and \$45,000, and are conditional on the guidelines being met. If it all works, *l'Évangeline* "should be okay in three years," says publisher Bourque.

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editors

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Publisher Bourque: We need to be keeping the Acadian fact intact in the Maritimes

Health

The blind speaking for the blind

Under normal circumstances, Mike Yale would not need help. He is articulate, intelligent, sensitive and a born organizer. But circumstances have never been normal—the 30,000 others in Canada, like Yale, are blind.

When Yale, a community organizer in the United States, arrived in Toronto in 1968 his first stop was the department of immigration. They sent him to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. He did the department of immigration and the Toronto Transit Commission. But when Yale arrived at the

Community Centre in Terrebonne, and he arranged a meeting in February, 1975, The two discovered a mutual grievance because both were sightless, both felt like second-class citizens. Over a bottle of wine they determined to do something about it and christened their, the Blind Organization of Ontario with Self-Help Tactics, for public and self-education.

"Our main guiding principle," says Yale today in BOOST's downtown Toronto office, "was it and is, that there is no better spokesman for the blind



BOOST organizers John Rae (left), Mike Yale. There is hope in concerted action

organization's headquarters on Bayview Avenue, he was told that under existing regulations he'd have to be certified as blind by a doctor before he could use the CNIB services. "I argue of the fact that I have two good eyes and am only slightly blind," says Yale. "I had to go with six services for an apartment in the meantime. I wouldn't even buy a deck of bridge playing cards."

Over the next six years, Yale discovered that sections of his own personal file were closed to him, that if he wanted books, he had to use the CNIB's braille library, and that employment opportunities, rehabilitation facilities, travel and theatre passes were all handled by the organization. With no other group to turn to, the core with an annual budget of \$25 million made up a large part of the lives of the blind.

Enter Jerry Gaughan, a sociology instructor at St. Clair College in Windsor, Ontario. Gaughan had heard of Yale's work by then as director of the Deafness

and the Blind themselves." Within two months, the fledgling organization had contacts in many Ontario cities, and within a year, 1,200 copies of their quarterly newsletter were being mailed across Canada. With total income from membership dues, grants, federal job creation projects, and donations, over exceeding, as yet, more than \$250,000 a year, we were producing a 28-page newsletter, answer a Sunday Star living questions, sue and research human rights issues in Ontario.

And they get things done. They convinced the Ontario Liquor License Board that blind people should be served in bars. The other citizens spoke before the Ontario Human Rights Commission, and even took on the TTC, forcing it to remove a clause from the city-approved bus pass which waived any rights the blind passenger had to use for personal or property damage

even in cases where the TTC was negligent. In 1978, Jean Young, a Mississauga housewife and activist member, successfully led a campaign for earliest ballots which will allow the blind to vote independently in Ontario elections for the first time.

Then, in 1979, BOOST produced *Carries for the Blind*, a survey of blind people and their community prospects. The state of the explosive blind was vividly portrayed in a widely published case last November when Richard Parsons, a 55-year-old truck-stop operator in Port Arthur, Ont., was given notice by the General Hospital that he'd have to vacate the rent-free space he'd managed for 30 years. The CNIB, which administers the CaterPlan soup kitchen, had known of the hospital's decision for two years but made no move to relocate their employees. "We felt the community should take some responsibility for Dick," commented William Brinkert, Ontario division manager of CaterPlan. Parsons went to CSC ambassador Robert Cooper, and within six weeks the crew had arranged to move Parsons to a nearby federal building.

Of the 3,200 employed blind in Canada, 388 work for CaterPlan as part of its mandate to employ and train blind people. At the present time, only one is live in CaterPlan's payroll in blind, and the number is dropping as hospitals withdraw from the program. Lack of adequate job opportunities leads many to depend, but as BOOST points out, Parsons' case proves that there is hope in concerted action.

According to John Rae, BOOST's chairman, "The handicapped are often tragically unaware of their rights. Blind people have been reluctant to question the CSC or the government because we're so reliant on them for services. As a group, we are slowly clarifying and improving our position."

BOOST would like to establish a working relationship with CSC but as far, says Rae, the institution's reactions have been "hostile." As CSC Public Relations Coordinator James Sanders says, "We may have much-needed changes because we have no experience with an adult group."

Rolling Stones' guitarist Keith Richards' court-imposed landscaping beauties at Maple Leaf Gardens—CSC's advertisement with all proceeds going to the CSC—almost proved the pivotal last straw. No, says Rae, it just insulted the blind themselves.

"The beauties are always being done to us for free, but they rarely encouraged us to do things for themselves," John Rae asserts. "Maple Leaf Gardens is being turned into a gigantic ego trip for the purposes of the CSC. It was a handout, not a handout."

Constance Belanger (David Turner)



Southern sheriffs: less misbehavior'

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA — Sheriff James G. Beck Jr. is built like a barrel with arms like hams and a bulging head. He carries a little alien man alloy 26 on his right hip and keeps a long silver .44 magnum in the office. Folks don't mess with big Jim Beck.

When he was elected sheriff of Richmond County in Deep South Georgia he fired 15 deputies right off. They were bally boys, he said. Brutal, bad. It was a brash John Wayne act, and it brought him an instant pause of respect. But he was out to clean up the country, and the fear of revenge came on.

Big Jim is a classic. In many ways he is the stereotypical Southern sheriff. But he is also part of a significant change for the better in the way that the power of law in the rural South. There is a definite move away from bully-club Justice toward a fair deal.

There may even be a faint flavor to Conundrum. You are much less likely now to hear heroic stories of tourists caught driving a few miles over the 55-limit being flagged off to jail until a "judge" can be located to fine them whatever maximum the local authority allows. A more liberal, though far from permissive, attitude applies.

Sitting behind his big wooden desk high in the county building in Augusta, Sheriff Beck, 280 pounds, six-foot and 56, looks out of place. But his 32-year-old job keeps him office-bound with administration. Says Beck, "You're not supposed to bring, you know. They say that self-praise is half mental, but I take pride in what I do. I like to see things run like they should run. This department was plagued with brutality and that type of thing before I came. I wouldn't tolerate that."

"I refused to wear an 18 of the deputies when I took over. These were the group that beat up people and carried big guns and were involved in a lot of things. They chased a lot of women and all that. You know, they just gave law enforcement a bad name all over the country."

Traditionally, the Southern sheriff has a reputation that is about as sordid as it gets. During the '80s it was often the shotgun-wielding "ace of the law" who fought to thwart civil rights advances and keep "the old ways." But now that blacks are voting in large numbers they are able to do something about that.



Sheriffs must stand for re-election every four years and they, along with other Dixie politicians, are changing their attitudes to keep their jobs.

Despite this, however, a number of recent studies show that blacks and the poor continue to receive disproportionately long sentences and provide most of the inmates on the region's populous death rows. Not only that, but the South continues to put more of its population in prison than the rest of the country, even though it has lower rates of both violent crime and crimes against property.

And it's hard to forget the history. For example, in 1861 in Neshoba County, Mississippi, Sheriff Beck and his deputy were indicted for the murder of the

black rights workers—the sheriff was acquitted, the deputy convicted of conspiracy. In 1978, Willis McCall, then the flamboyant sheriff of Lake County, Florida, was implicated in the beating death of a mentally deficient black prisoner who had been picked up for a traffic offense. Witnesses testified that the prisoner was beaten and killed as the sheriff said, "He ain't nappy, he ain't crasy, this nigger ain't crasy."

To sort it all out from the substance two professors from the University of Central Florida have just completed a study on the Southern sheriff. Dr. Roger Handberg of the political science department and Dr. Charles Unruh of the sociology department conclude that "the Southern county sheriff

is the subject of much speculation, degradation and misformation. As a law enforcement official, his visible public record is often spotty with episodes of lawlessness flashing into public view."

They report that as a group the sheriffs are typically middle-aged (average, 47), white, male, with a 12th-grade education. "The sheriff is apt to be a local boy made good," says Dr. Unruh. "Nearly half the sheriffs in our study were born and raised within the county of which they are now sheriff. They tend to be what is known in the South as 'red-sweat' or 'blood of bats'."

But again, the professors also found that change was afoot. In "The younger sheriffs show the effects of increasing competition upon educational considerations," adds Dr. Unruh. Says the published study, "The Southern sheriffs' reputation took a dip during the 1960s as they attempted to stem the tide of social and political change. The sheriff's role was usually that of redistributor of status and defender of the old segregationist status quo."

Dr. Unruh told MacLeans, "It seems to be changing. We seem to be getting a much more efficient, enlightened and forward-looking law enforcement officer. The sheriff is changing with the times, and of course, that's for the better."

None of which is to reply that the Southern sheriff is still not firmly in charge of his江山, or that he has lost any of his color. Wayne King, who covers the Southern states for *The New York Times*, tells about a southern-some northern vacationing in Alabama who decides to pull off a country road for a bite to eat.

He orders a barbecue, orders, eats his collard and ham puppies and then, while he is relaxing, a big man with a toothpick in his mouth belies up to the table, smiles, says howdy and introduces himself as the sheriff. "Oh, delightful," says the visitor. "The sh. fth was very good. You prepare food very well, not as greasy as one comes to expect down here."

The smile fades as the big man unzips his belt, extracts the toothpick and explains again, real slow, that he is the chief—the chief.

"Well, I liked the collard greens, too," says the visitor, "and the red tea, and—"

"No, dammit, boy!" the big man explodes, pounding the table. "The chief, the sh. fth, run this whole damn state, man! I'm the chief of this country!"

Whether the word "chief" is the way they pronounce the word in parts of Alabama and Georgia, or "sh. fth" the way they pronounce it in the coastal Carolinas, the Southern sheriff is an icon.

—William Lowther

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Elementary, my dear Watson, especially if you pay writers for decent scripts

By William Casselman

The corpse bobs down as the soggy waters of a swamp, as though pressed below where, water-bound, an ostrich sits. Reversing the bloodless swamp, the body comes up in a grey slow-motion pool of death. Mysterious, then dust from the gaping mouth. And bright green bits of duckweed now speckle the soggy greenwater of the mangled stranger. Twould startle a tadpole. I know. Quite reasonable. But, Ontario, 1890. Dismayed, yes? "Ever a case cried out for the unfeeling, seedy sort of the Great Detective, why none did more than *The Murder at Benshore Swamp*."

So begins one of the many meagre episodes of a new CBC drama series, 10 one-hour mysteries entitled *The Great Detective* (CBC, every Wed., 8:30 p.m., Jan. 17 to March 21). Plenty bokum of the intriguing sort, the series sprang from the recently published memoirs of John White Murray, whose introduction tells us, "Murray was appointed detective to the Dept. of Justice of Ontario in 1875. He spent the next 30 years of his life solving crimes in the poorer settlements of Ontario." One of the famous Canadians of his time, Murray was known around the world for his prowess in detection, his early innovations in autopsy, the importance of footprints, chemical analysis of clothing, hair, blood, skin—all this is an era when fingerprinting and photography were unknown.

With a nod to the urgencies of telling a whacking good tale, the scriptwriters have transformed Murray into detective Alister Cameron, set to foil Douglas Campbell as a hollering waltz with saucy-strainer moustaches, a brusque old bachelier given to spewing bad whisky in his unscrupulous fees with the fine, "stuff would rot the belly of a can-can dancer." Campbell waddles elegantly through the scenes, almost bursting from his growing tweeds, bawboozing the space of a felon. Blowing such red berling laid in his pack, until the criminal apprehension is resolved

to the last minute particular.

In one of the best episodes, Death Takes a Courier Girl (Jan. 21), we drop spinning into the tawdry world of cheap, late-of-the-century show biz. Backstage, a swindling Diva's theatre, a troupe of touring vaudevillians perform a seedy, vulgar, disreputable act; when the company's operatic star is engaged by means of a snarling on the stage. Then the manager is poisoned. Soon a Shakespeare-quoting dwarf is discovered *deceased* in a prop swing, which prompts the inebriate, playfully

all through camera angles and lighting. Too many TV drama directors disregard what lighting can do, perhaps because of the time limit.

Even the scripts are blindingly uneven. *The Great Detective*, there must be a sense in which he can do this. At times Douglas Campbell must strain to use every tie, double-take, snarling and odd reading in his actor's bag, because the script is so thin. John C. W. Sansom (writer of the screenplay) wrote some episodic fluff lines so desolate as a dusty shop with empty shelves. Was there no time to buff to a luster the old spot in a sketchy draft? Or was it the old CBC chengue where writers are encouraged, the concept for "whole" scripts as wide-spread in the drama department? When you decide to use a great actor like Douglas Campbell, there must be a writer's concern with creating a character complicated and full of enough crannies that the actor can dig into the part and lay it up with gusto. If only CBC executives would allot a greater portion of a drama's budget to writers. To have two or three writers for a single one-hour teleplay should not be a triflity beyond consideration. Does all the time down south. The money was there. But a great deal of it was spent on sets, and location work, all standard—after you have carefully packed.

Still, when you stick to the gore and Grand Guignol that excited about the real Detective Murray, they're fun and can even enjoy good Canadian actors. Sandy Webster as a terrorist-of-the-century pathologist: "The victim had a full stomach of food. His dinner was still sitting there—standing up at 1 a.m. Breakfast and kidney pie. Poor guy's been, too, full of grenades!" Hugh Webster, an undertaker tapping with gory enthusiasm the corpse from the crypt: "Died out quite steadily, hasn't he?"

The Great Detective is worth watching. If, during the broadcast, there's a strange noise from the garage at the bottom of the garden, don't move.



Legault's "Les ruitures apportées à la Chambre Saint-Jean par une tempête" (left) and Louis O'Bryan's "Through the Rocky Mountains, A Peep on the Canadian Highways" (right).

Art

Black and white in color

One after Joseph Légaré and One Own Country Canada have completed their respective careers, they have conducted the country during 1979, the exhibitions of 19th-century Canadian painting will be remembered as some of the most striking shows launched by the National Gallery in recent years—and among the most persistently inappropriate.

The subject of the first, *Joseph Légaré, 1795-1855, a man of age in Quebec City just after the War of 1812*. A somewhat desiccated by trade, he entered public life as a relief worker during a devastating cholera epidemic in 1832, and subsequently served his city as a politician, civil servant, and champion of many causes. But he was more than a well-to-do do-gooder: he was a local politician during the rebellions of 1837, when the simmering conflict between French-Canadian nationalists and anglophone promoters of a unified Canada came to a boil. Légaré took his stand with the Patriotes and was briefly jailed. In 1842, he helped found the Quebec City chapter of the nationalist Saint-Jean-Baptiste Society, until he died in 1855 (as John R. Porter writes in his catalogue).

Légaré's "Les ruitures apportées à la Chambre Saint-Jean par une tempête" (below) and Louis O'Bryan's "Through the Rocky Mountains, A Peep on the Canadian Highways" (right).

(opposite) the very defiant Québécois "misfit" has a fighting spirit and unbreakable determination."

Such, then, was Légaré's public background. Like other artists of his day, he did religious pictures (certainly whalebone or in part from imported European originals) and a few portraits—enough to earn him a footnote in the history of Canadian art. More interesting are his depictions of farms, waterfalls, and forests. Created, they are much to contemporary British tastes: painting the Quebec he paints is serene and pictoresque—a garden dressed in residence (or sunlight), but they deserve recognition for what they are: our first glances of Canada through the eyes of an artist born, reared and trained in this country.

Nose of Légaré's religious or topographic works can compare, however, with his paintings of contemporary



events. There is nothing romantic or merely picturesque in his representations of the cholera epidemic, a catastrophe landscape, towns going up in flames. In these canvas public and artistic dexterously manage to create unbearable reminders in the sufferings of his people. Each of these scenes of disaster demands to be read as an allegory of the social oppression suffered by French Canadians in Légaré's day, an outrage by any standard. The destruction wreaked upon Quebec's political and cultural institutions by the English crusaders for a united Canada. Certainly, Légaré the artist has been badly treated, but the exhibition is only incidentally a visit to a shadowy corner of the nation's cultural past. It is, in intent purpose is to render tribute to a remarkable Canadian, who served his Quebec constituents well—and to earn another name: as the martyrology of Quebec's apolitical faith.

No chapters chart the landscapes of *One Own Country Canada*. A variety of nature paintings from 1860 to 1930, this show avoids the darker side of Canadian history as audibly as Joseph

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Desert exposes it, and celebrates instead the materialistic, egomaniac impulses that were transforming Canada into a modern industrial state.

The exhibition is not without its problems. Dennis Reid, its organizer, has grouped the paintings by decades, yet some of the pictures don't fit comfortably within their assigned periods. Also, there seems to be little stylistic progression from period to period, even though Reid's arrangement suggests there should be. But this is one of these down-sides between the show's design and content present at first becoming a success of Canadian signs, with two heretics—the sunsets and the railroad.

Reid's story begins in 1886, with the arrival in Montreal of the British photographer, William Notman. Many of the painters whose works are displayed here—including John A. Fraser, Henry Sandham, Otto Jacobi, Adolph Vag, William Raphael—worked with Notman and all were deeply influenced by the new clarity and cleanliness of the photographic image. Obtrusive brushwork is reduced or suppressed; the exquisite modelling of light and shade mimics popular darkroom prints, and the subjects—portraits, rapid scenes—are those favoured by purchasers of scenic photo albums.

The railroads that finally linked one end of Canada to the other opened new vistas to the landscape painters, but gave them no new artistic ideas. The various buildings did give these artists things more important than new subjects: communitas and free spaces. As Reid notes it, "mountain sold tokens—worldwide," as the artists made slick, stately paintings of the tall peaks and mountains. "Uninhabited peaks are banished, here as elsewhere, in these drawings, the only wild animal allowed to intrude on the Canadian paradise is a lone, towering moose."

In these virtuous paintings, the real world of forbidding extremes, bitter winters, and human suffering is absent, nor is there any of the chaos exhibited by Legrain's best landscapes. Nevertheless, the crass Victorianism share with the pessimists, French Canadians the urge to make art that delivers a message. As Ligouri and natural disasters to express his people's political oppression, as the CPR (like)akamani used conquered, tamed nature to symbolize the oppressors' victory over all foes, political as well as natural. Virtually treated as historical curiosities, both exhibitions are like successes. But, given the state of Canada's political health, impacting such powerful doses of anti-English, pro-French propaganda into our cultural bloodstream, must be counted as the biggest failure of judgment in the National Gallery's recent history. John Borley Maya

Books



Poetry: capsule comments on Canada

By Barbara Amiel

They make relatively little money. Their children, wives or husbands are supported as the torsos of states which wrangle as writers-in-residence at universities or the proceeds of one-night stands in basement bars. One of their works may become part of a school's required curriculum and, suddenly, they know the small financial returns (perhaps \$1,000 a year) that steady royalty cheques can bring. They are Canada's poets. They range from travelling circuses of jetties cutting meagrely grilles and calling their performances "sound poetry" to yellow-haired matreos singing weirdly about

Arrows, Purity, Luxuria, Novitas and Utilea relatively little money for their efforts, yet they are burying them capsules everywhere.

men who make them feel fit. Not the boastful of real birds number among our rarest natural resources, our country's slow chase for immortality. Canadian senders and receivers may continue to indulge in (if not excess of) national pride and hubris, worrying about our culture, our identity—but in that one area of human endeavour, Canada needs no-one's concern. "Among all the poetry being written in the English-speaking world today," says poet and critic Dennis Lee, "none of the best and most original work is being done by Canadians." Though Lee may be biased, a few weeks reading of the major works of contemporary English and American poetry will confirm his view.

Last year new books came from several of our major poets: Margaret Atwood, Earle Birney, Irving Layton and Al Purdy. The year before it was Alden Nowlan. And in the sudden claque of a

good poem, Canadians seeking to understand themselves can find an amazing shortlist. For poets have traditionally performed these two functions first, the extension of their readers' personal ghosts through casting a spell on their own, and second, the mythologizing of their country's travail and anxiety.



He is 60 years old and though he had started writing poetry in his early 30s, it wasn't until he was over 40 that Al

Purdy denied the Canadian poetry scene. From that point on he decided, good-naturedly, the ribs of a number of Canadian poets as well. A freight train

under in the Depression and a factory worker later on, at six feet three-inches and still growing, Purdy seemed never to realize his own physical strength. A bear has given to the "people's poet," Marxist Milton Avery, as a poetry endorsement at Collingwood, Ontario, recommended Acker to a limp frog draped unceremoniously over a bear-skin table. The same physical energy animates Purdy's poetry. At any rate, it is he whom Canada's working man's voice, enjoying our land with his finger tips as well as his mind, Purdy likes to revisit. *Buffalo Island* ... "If only someone will finance the damn trip. I think I once got \$500 as advance on a book of poetry and it has taken six years for my Selected Poems to sell out 30,000 copies." His home in Amherstburg, Ont., was built over 30 years ago by himself. Now, a Governor-General's Award and numerous prizes later, it has grown in size but it still has no plumbing and Purdy complains about the increasing encroachment of many neighbors "I like being alone. Isolation and space. That's what this country is about."

Sometimes he is accused of insensitivity in his outspoken love affair with Canada's other physical attraction. But Purdy is too wise, shrewd and good-humored for sentimentality. It takes rare reservoirs of rage, love and common sense to capture the contrasts and contradictions of a country as strong and wild, as ultramodern and primitive as Canada. Take poet Purdy trying to empty his bowels in the Arctic wilderness, with nothing but an Eskimo boy between a pack of snarling sled dogs and the most tender parts of his anatomy:

Dear Ann Lenders/what would you do/Dear Goldspink/Guarino/what would you do/in a case like this/Well I'll tell you/NOT A DAMN THING/You just squat there, cursing hopelessly while the last frozen sloshed shit tries to keep them off and out from under/in a big black bushy dashes it out/As an evening submarine/white teeth snapping at the anus—from Being Alive (1976)

Though her voice is a vulnerable monotone and her face, fringed by the soft bulk of wing curtains, adds to the impression of shoddiness, Margaret Atwood's work has a rarer edge, ingenuity, less-known farther history than, say, the 33-year-old Atwood's extraordinary talent in her poetry. Though overshadowed by this country in her ma-

ger and wife, as a poet Atwood has always been more concerned with private than with public poetics, the cropping between that can strangle love, the various styles of self-glorification that tears men and women apart, and, on a more metaphysical level, the stolid, banal task of recording certainties with this land studded with rocks and pebbled with indifference. From her home near Altona, Ont., where visitors are treated to a domestic tour that includes a view of her new child, and the latest invention in farm machinery, this singular woman writes with a wistfulness unequalled in English poetry today. Her magnificent new book, *Two-Headed Poems*, is a spare, energetic and relentless look at the many selves of the poet's person. Such an examination might be a mere self-indulgence in the hands of a less inspired practitioner, but Atwood's art makes it universal. The two-headed poems are about every one of us:

*But more hearts my I want, I want,
I want! I want! My heart
is more dampness,
though as I once thought
it's gone, I want, I don't want, I
want, and then it's gone;
I never see it alone.*

and so right it to the eye-red
flame edge that remains open
while the other two are sleeping
but refuses in my what it has seen.

—from Two-Headed Poems (1978)

fantasies. Now at 66, he writes his elegies up in a love poem to his 20-year-old wife, Harriet, in The Fighting Dancer (1978). I know again that forever delight/your happiness without
avenging or guilt/no one is my fishes
but God long ago.

Bob Irving Layton and Governor General Award winner Alden Nowlan, perhaps more than any of our major

poets, also bring to us a welcome clarity of political vision in these decades all too easily snuffed by social apathy. Erudite, bearded, the Maritimes working class's answer to Ontario's Robertson Davies even though a school dropout at 15, Nowlan, 45, proves to be that rare phenomenon in a Renaissance man without benefit of formal education or a Renaissance civilization to help illuminate his vision and talent. Whether it is a single poem describing a woman hanging out a line of washing to dry or the first very mention of his own conception ("I'm in trouble," she said), few poets can match Nowlan for his extraordinary range of subject matter and techniques or for his humor, compassion and poetic sensitivity. *After A Round Trip* (1978) is typical. The woman here is a woman who has been "out of town" for a week, *out of town* to change herself, a doll that he looks with admiration/Vest the image all day/tired and at home in her sleep.

—from *Selected Glass* (1977)

The possible '90s made it not only respectable to be a poet but vital—if we wanted to impress the opposite sex and have use's opinion on politics, life and the eternal verities cited in the nation's newspapers. By then, Irving Layton had been writing poems for a number of years, printed in the traditional 300 copies and sold to sympathetic friends. But Layton was no phenomenon of the '80s. He simply took that period to give him the attention he richly deserved. His poetry was regularly cited in Canadian letters for sheer exuberance and the pleasure to take in the physical self. Though much has been made of Layton's celebration of his private parts, it will be no small measure to Layton, with his thick hair swept back in an aqua face, his twinkling eyebrows, moustache and goatee, who permitted Canadians to acknowledge that they, too, had private parts and

the sound of Canadian accents. I must have interviewed 2,500 Canadians and all the reggae had their own dialect."

Together with this ability to capture nuances and transmute it into that fragile creation—a poem—is Layton's occasional admissions into tenderness. Some of our finest love poems have in fact been written by Layton. In a poem to his 20-year-old lover, *Pat the Party* (1978), the 74-year-old Layton makes it all seem so effortless my love it goes/ all i can say/oh well i need a new man now/so far and we take to chip and dip/ to finish an easy to eat and swallow one free year/more/much more now man/man that do i do now/ i prop the world before we'll never tell no one what's at home/that's he's to be/for she's to be/more

Selecting the current strains on the social fabric of our country, Canadian poetry, too, is being pulled apart by regional interests and the mentality of such fashionable obsessions as the current adult search for roots. Recently, ardentlings on West Coast, Montreal English, Maritime, and practically everything but blue-eyed poets have been established. A host of Baltic-Canadian writers, many of whom were born in Canada, write of their home "on roads on the hills of Toscana," but less readers with the assumption that most of the contributors would be unable to ask the way down to the bottom of the hill in any other language than midtown Toronto. Such problems coincide with the perennial complaint that too many people are writing nonsense in public expense.

Still, a fine poem is a work of magic and a good poet may write hundreds of poems before perhaps one ever will triumph over form and language to touch the substance. It is necessary to survive the deluge of inadequate poets in order to keep the remarkable rewards of the work of such writers as Atwood, Purdy, Layton, Nowlan and Birney. They, along with many others, are memorable in a broad public in such popular mythologies as the just-released *The Poetry of Canada*, edited by John Robert Colombo. Him, along with the five poets mentioned, are the most live poets and perhaps far more after that whose work also rivals the best written in the English language anywhere in the world. If we could only the same thing of Bonsuivables, playwrights, critics and journalists, Canada would occupy a very distinguished place in the world of letters. As in, in, some generations hence, people might well be amazed and amazed as reading that we ever had doubts about our culture's identity. Our poets, at least, have a good chance of making our times appear the golden age of the Canadian spirit.

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'With one ear protected by the warm left breast of his versatile secretary . . .'

By Alan Fotheringham

On April evening in 1968 in the Ottawa Civic Centre—it was two days after Martin Luther King was shot and the night they decided to burn down Detroit—it witnessed one of the more astonishing sights of my youthful manhood. The sight was Judy LaMarsh, in thigh-high plastic boots, appearing in the Paul Hellyer cheering section in the fight for the Liberal leadership. I'm not sure whether I've ever recovered. The next day, during the furious power-striving after the convention, I saw Hellyer leaving both Pierre Trudeau and Esther Trudeau. Her frail little body was revealed in the spasm of thrashing manœuvres among the insanely strabismic Helleys. And Judy plodded passably with him to throw in his lot with Trudeau to stop "that bastard," Trudeau. It was one of the more well recorded—and honest—moments of our time.

Judy LaMarsh does not like Pierre Trudeau. I believe it can be summarized since Trudeau is not given to confiding his inner thoughts—processes—that the prime minister does not like Ms LaMarsh. What is certain is that the PM—plus an autocorolling number of other high figures in high places in Ottawa and Toronto—are going to draffle the shattering lady even more later this month when her first "novel" is published. To call it a novel is to call it a stabato a paring knife. The title is *A Very Political Lady* and the object at hand is a careful consciousness of the most prosaic, the most vain—and the most mischievous—members of the Liberal party when dear, daffy Judy once served as a cabinet minister.

There is, in fact, literary tradition, the acceptable form of the roman à clef, depicting historical events and characters in the guise of fiction. Readable stuff. The most recent victim of excess has been the princess Tomas Capote, who has been shattered by being harassed from all the Beautiful People spa after stripping naked all his playmates from Jackie O down in a Wholly disguised assassination, called *Assured*

Prayers. Such has been the vicious retaliation against Capote after some segments were excerpted in magazines, that the book has yet to be published.

The scandal to hit the fan when LaMarsh's proudest handiwork at St. Paul's is to demonstrate the name. She didn't think she is worth the name, she isn't seen nothing. For the first thing, she still never be confused with Capote. As an author she is nowhere like Anna of Green Gables crammed with Harlequin romances. But as the progenitor of a literary daughertown she

had often been used to advantage—whether in discredit or opposed, to engage the interest of a new woman.

Get what? her, that sounds like but not it can't be, because she's just come out an anonymous book written to the PM's wife, and that Hema Prima has argued a woman with his wife has a hard time to obtain an abortion and forged the signature of her husband. Surely Justice Judy is confused?

Judy LaMarsh can't write her way out of a cheap book, but she could lead a house-escaping squad in a banana republic. Alan Drury, a respected American reporter, founded a new cottage industry through such novels as *Adrian and Cosmo*, illustrating the Washington diplomatic circuit with a paper chase as to the real identity of his characters. For Judy's villain, the Rockefellers' cocktail crowd needs the subtlety of a pane-bynumber correspondence course.

John Curtis, the PM's principal secretary, is "Boris" Javinson, short, blonde, with a shaggy-haired, stoop-shouldered Ben. David Kirk, "Walter" Carter Warden, "despite the June day, in a dark pastured out." This is not even to mention the beautiful, wise woman guitarist Linda Begg around with someone else when the PM married.

I mean, if you're going to be vicious, you might as well have facts—or vice versa. "The impeccably gashed chairman, crossed his legs, bringing into view the pebbled-ground, white loafers—that marked him as a Vice-verso—John Nickel, surely that couldn't be you?" Bessie Costello ("usually flushed with enthusiasm for no project or another") is Lorna Campagnolo. Word is that Priscilla Fox, an legal adviser, has decided not to sue. He is not the man who should worry. Some of the bedroom scenes featuring Hema Prima—whatever he is—and his drug wife, I would not wish on Gerald Ford. One thing is guaranteed. The very political lady is going to be even more a very unpopular lady. □



will have everyone in Ottawa buying There is Pierre Minister Jean-Jacques Charbonneau, whose ways were not to be countenanced. Elegantic and bright, he was like a High Priest except that he believed in no one but himself. Charbonneau was a leader and he expected to be followed . . . His eyes glinted, and his fisted muscles worked, drawing the pebbly skin over the high cheekbones "Angus you know?"

That is kind, considering none of the other curvaceous carved up. There is this minister of finance, you see? His name is Hema Prima. He is first encountered in the West Block, interrogated as the dramatic bell ring—with one ear wedged against the leather of his office couch and the other protected by the warm left breast of his versatile secretary, Mally Parada. Ms LaMarsh, the apprentice Capote, goes on: "He was a handsome, almost pretty man. He used with alacrity the way his hair was silvery at the temples. Those startling blue eyes with their unswerving stare



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